

No.13

# BATMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A SUPERMAN  
DC PUBLICATION

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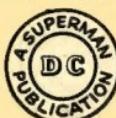
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# **GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING**

reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

## **CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR BOOK REVIEWS!**

Boys and girls! Would you like to see your own book reviews printed on this page? Would you like to win cash prizes? Here's your chance!

The list of books below has been suggested by Mrs. Grace E. Cartmell, Supt. of Work with Children, of the Queensboro Public Library. Young people in her library have read them and liked them. Get one of these books from your library, send me a review of it in less than 200 words. The winning review will appear in this magazine, and the writer will receive a \$5.00 prize. You can win!

Send your review to me in care of this magazine, 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. Print your name and address plainly.

**JOSETTE FRANK**

Young Mac of Fort Vancouver.....	By Mary Jane Carr
Black Stallion.....	By Walter Farley
Junior the Sleigh Dog.....	By West Lathrop
Citadel of a Hundred Stairways.....	By Alida Malkus
Black Fire.....	By Covelia Newcomb
Way Down Cellar.....	By Phil Stong
Piang, the Mora Chieftain.....	By Florence Stuart
Happy Landing.....	By Leonora M. Weber
Haven for the Brave.....	By Elizabeth Yates
The Last of the Gauchos.....	By Thames Williamson

## **THE WONDER BOOK OF THE AIR.**

By C. B. Allen and Lauren D. Lyman  
with an introduction by Bernt Balchen

Why does an airplane fly? What is different about a glider? What about autogiros? What kinds of planes are there especially made for carrying mails, for crossing vast oceans, for transport and for war?

All these and hundreds of other questions that most boys ask are answered in this book. It covers everything about flying—the planes and how they operate, the air-routes and how they are mapped, the pilots and how they are chosen and trained, the air heroes of peace and of war and their daring exploits, the marvels of aircraft radio, and the most modern uses of fighters, bombers and pursuit planes in this war.

There are exciting stories, too, of man's early attempts to fly and the many experiments and disasters that led to the development from balloons to wings. Many of the famous flights of history are described in thrilling accounts.

One whole chapter tells about the instruments in the pilot's cabin; another describes the different types of motor—"the heart of the airplane."

About two hundred photographs illustrate the book and add greatly to its interest. Any boy or girl who wants to know about modern airplanes as well as the romance of man's conquest of the air, will find it all in this book.

Ask for it at your library.

## **SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE**

(Code Venus No. 2)

K PGFF COGTKEC COGTKEC PGFFU AQW.  
FOQ AQWT DKV!

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE BOY WONDER -

WHAT IS THE  
GREATEST CRIME-CRUSH-

ING COMBINATION OF ALL TIME?  
THAT'S EASY... THE FIRM OF **BAT-**  
**MAN AND ROBIN, UNLIMITED,**  
EXPERTS IN MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE!  
A PERFECTLY CO-ORDINATED TEAM, THEY  
HAVE PUT COUNTLESS EVIL-DOERS BE-  
HIND BARS AND SENT OTHERS TRUD-  
ING THE LAST MILE TO THE DEATH HOUSE....

BUT NOW, INCREDIBLY, THE PARTNERSHIP  
IS BROKEN! BIDDING A BEWILDERED **ROBIN**  
GOODBYE, THE **BATMAN** SETS OUT  
ALONE ON THE DANGER TRAIL! HOW  
WILL THE MIGHTY CHAMPION SUCCEED  
WITHOUT HIS LOYAL COMRADE?  
WHY WAS THEIR FRIENDSHIP BROKEN?

YOU WILL FIND THE

ANSWER IN —  
**"THE BATMAN PLAYS  
A LONE HAND!"**

by

BOB  
KANE



A SUITCASE IS PACKED IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

PACKING!  
WHERE ARE WE GOING,  
BRUCE?

WE'RE NOT  
GOING ANYWHERE!  
DICK, YOU  
AND I HAVE  
GOT TO HAVE  
A FINAL  
UNDERSTANDING...

...AND DICK GRAYSON, BRUCE'S HITHERTO INSEPARABLE PAL, RECEIVES THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!

WE'RE PARTING  
COMPANY, DICK.  
FROM NOW ON  
THE BATMAN  
WORKS ALONE!

I—I DON'T  
GET IT...  
YOU'RE  
KIDDING,  
AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S ONE OF  
THE TROUBLES  
WITH YOU...YOU  
THINK LIFE IS  
FULL OF KIDDING  
THIS  
TIME I'M  
DEAD SERIOUS!

GEE,  
BRUCE...  
I DON'T  
KNOW  
WHAT TO  
SAY!

I NEVER THOUGHT  
WE'D BREAK UP AFTER  
ALL OUR ADVENTURES...  
ALL THE TIMES  
WE'VE RISKED  
OUR LIVES TO-  
GETHER, AND  
FOUGHT SIDE  
BY SIDE!

THAT'S  
ANOTHER  
REASON...

I'D BE FIGHTING  
CROOKS, AND  
HAVE TO WATCH  
OUT FOR YOU  
AT THE SAME  
TIME!

ULP!.. IF  
I'D KNOWN  
YOU FELT  
LIKE THAT....

HIGH TIME I WAS  
GETTING RID  
OF THIS  
JUNK!

M—MY  
P-PICTURE!

FROM NOW ON  
YOU CAN GIVE MORE  
TIME TO SCHOOL  
WORK. IT ISN'T  
RIGHT FOR A KID  
LIKE YOU TO BE  
CHASING AROUND  
GETTING INTO  
FIGHTS!

YOU DON'T  
NEED TO  
SAY ANY  
MORE...

BUT WHEN DICK HAS  
LEFT THE ROOM ---

I DIDN'T LIKE  
TO SMASH IT,  
BUT I HAD TO  
MAKE THE KID  
UNDERSTAND...  
I'LL JUST KEEP  
THIS!

WELL, SO LONG,  
YOUNGSTER! I'VE  
LEFT MONEY TO  
TAKE CARE OF  
YOU...AND MAY-  
BE WE'LL RUN  
ACROSS EACH  
OTHER AGAIN  
SOMETIME!

GOODBYE!



**HAS ROBIN**  
THE BOY WONDER FOUGHT HIS  
LAST GALLANT BATTLE AGAINST  
INJUSTICE AT THE  
SIDE OF THE MIGHTY  
**BATMAN?**... THE  
LOYAL HEART OF  
THE LAD IS CLOSE  
TO BREAKING AS  
HIS BEWILDERED  
MIND SEEKS TO  
ESCAPE THE DRAB-  
NESS OF THE PRE-  
SENT BY REVIEWING  
GLAMOROUS SCENES  
FROM THE  
PAST...



HE CALLED  
ME A NUISANCE,  
AFTER ALL  
THE TIMES I'VE  
STOOD BY HIM  
WHEN THINGS  
LOOKED  
HOPELESS...



...WHEN THE  
JOKER THOUGHT  
HE HAD US TRAPPED  
AND WAS GOING  
TO GET RID OF  
US FOR GOOD...

...WHEN THE  
**PENGUIN** PULLED  
SURPRISES OUT  
OF THAT DEADLY  
UMBRELLA OF  
HIS...



...AND MORE TIMES  
THAN I CAN COUNT, IF IT  
HADN'T BEEN FOR ME,  
THERE WOULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN ANY MORE  
**BATMAN!**

IT ISN'T TRUE!  
(SOB) I WASN'T  
EVER IN HIS  
WAY! HE JUST  
(SOB) HE JUST  
DON'T LIKE  
ME ANY  
MORE!



SUSPICION REARS ITS  
UGLY HEAD AS THE  
BOY'S CRIEF WEARS  
ITSELF OUT...

OR, MAYBE HE  
WANTS ALL THE  
GLORY FOR HIM-  
SELF! MAYBE  
HE THOUGHT ROBIN  
WAS GETTING  
TOO POPULAR!



AND INEVITABLY COMES BLIND,  
UNREASONING ANGER...

I DON'T WANT  
HIS MONEY AND  
I WON'T LIVE IN  
HIS HOUSE! I'LL RUN  
AWAY AND SHOW  
HIM I CAN TAKE  
CARE OF MY  
SELF!



NIGHT... AND A HOMELESS WAIF  
TRUDGES THE POORER STREETS  
OF GOTHAM CITY...

RESUE  
MISSION  
LODGING  
ROOMS

KID, COULD  
YA SPARB  
A NICKLE  
FOR  
CAWFEE?

I WOULD,  
GLADLY--  
ONLY I  
HAVEN'T  
GOT A  
CENT!

A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM STABS  
UPWARD PAINTING A FAMILAR  
SYMBOL AGAINST THE BLACK  
SKY...

COMMISSIONER  
GORDON'S SIGNAL!  
HE NEEDS THE  
BATMAN AND  
ROB--I  
MEAN, THE  
BATMAN!



JIMMINY--TH'  
BATMAN'S  
GOIN' OUT  
AFTER SOME  
CROOKS!

AIN'T  
ROBIN  
A LUCKY  
KID TO BE  
WITH HIM!

LUCKY, EH?  
IF THEY  
ONLY KNEW!

LATER... A BURST OF GUNFIRE SHATTERS THE NIGHT...  
AND SUDDENLY...

SHOTS-- AND  
IT'S HIM! IT'S  
THE BATMAN!  
THEY MUSTNIT  
HIT HIM!

BANG!  
BANG!

BUT THE NEXT INSTANT, THE THRILL THAT  
TINGLED THROUGH DICK IS CRUSHED BENEATH  
THE CRUELST BLOW OF ALL!

WHA--?  
ANOTHER  
BOY IN A  
UNIFORM LIKE  
MINE, WORKING  
WITH THE BAT-  
MAN!... BUT IT  
CAN'T BE!  
IT CAN'T  
BE!

SCALDING TEARS BLIND  
THE STRICKEN YOUNGSTER

HE'S GOT  
ANOTHER  
ROBIN!  
THAT'S WHY  
HE WANTED  
TO GET  
RID OF  
ME!

BET THAT  
LITTLE  
BRAT HASN'T  
A BRAIN  
IN HIS HEAD.  
BET I COULD  
LIGK HIM  
WITH ONE  
HAND!

A FELLOW'S GOT TO EAT... AND MY TWO-WAY RADIO IS THE ONLY THING I CAN RAISE MONEY ON...

SO THE LAST LINK BETWEEN THE BATMAN AND ROBIN IS BROKEN...

I WON'T BE NEEDING IT ANY MORE... WHAT CAN I GET FOR IT?

HMM.. RADIOS DON'T BRING MUCH THESE DAYS.. AND THIS IS A VERY ODD ONE. HMM...

SIX--SEVEN--EIGHT--I'D BETTER MAKE THIS LAST, BECAUSE THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE TILL I FIND A JOB!



MEANWHILE, LET US TURN THE CLOCK BACKWARD AN HOUR AND SEE THE RESULT OF THAT SEARCH-LIGHT SUMMONS TO THE BATMAN.

THIS IS THE BATMAN, COMMISSIONER... WHAT'S UP?



SHUCKING HIS OUTER GARMENTS, BRUCE STANDS REVEALED AS THE AWE-INSPIRING, CRIME-SMASHING BATMAN!

HE'LL BE A SORE THUMB IF I CATCH HIM!



SCORNING STAIRS AND ELEVATORS, THE LITHE LAW-MAN FLITS DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING...

A PARACHUTE WOULD BE A HELP RIGHT NOW!



...AND LIKE THE WINGED CREATURE OF THE NIGHT THAT GIVES HIM HIS NAME, HE STREAKS OVER THE SILENT ROOFTOPS...



FROM A PRECARIOUS PERCH, HIS KEEN EYES  
SIGHT A SPEEDING VEHICLE....

BUT THERE'S TRAFFIC  
DOWN THERE... A CAR  
LOADED WITH MEN,  
DOING FIFTY AT  
LEAST! THIS  
IS WHERE THE  
FUN STARTS!

THE THUMB, DAPPER DESPERADO  
WHO SEEKS TO SPREAD A REIGN  
OF TERROR OVER GOTHAM CITY,  
SCOLDS HIS HENCHMEN...

THERE WAS  
THE MAYOR  
NOT TWENTY  
FEET AWAY,  
AND YOU  
MISSSED  
HIM!

BUT HIS  
BODYGUARDS  
WERE SHOOTIN'  
AT US!

NO ALIBIS!  
I'LL SHOW YOU  
HOW YOU  
SHOULD HAVE  
DONE IT!

DON'T,  
THUMB! I'LL  
DO BETTER  
NEXT TIME!

AT THAT  
INSTANT...

TH' BAT-  
MAN!

HUH? IF  
YOU GUYS  
WANT TO  
LIVE... GET  
HIM FOR  
ME!

IF HE'D  
ONLY STAY  
STILL  
FOR A  
MINUTE!

STOP THE  
CAR! THE  
KID IS THE  
ONE I REALLY  
WANT!

WITH TH  
KID GONE,  
TH'  
BATMAN  
WILL GO  
CRAZY!

I'D FEEL  
BETTER  
IF YOU'D  
GOT TH'  
BATMAN  
TOO!

AS THE MACHINE GUN CHATTERS, THE  
SMALL FIGURE SHUDDERS, THEN DROPS  
SICKENINGLY!

GOT HIM!  
NOW THE BATMAN  
WILL KNOW I  
MEAN BUSINESS!

RAT-TAT-  
TAT...

LIKE A PLUNGING METEOR, THE BLACK-CLAD WARRIOR ATTACKS WHILE BULLETS STILL PLOP INTO THE CRUMPLED FORM...

SO YOU'D MURDER CHILDREN-- YOU RATS!

DIDN'T I SAY HE'D GO CRAZY?

YEAH-- BUT IT DON'T LOOK SO GOOD!



HERE'S WHERE I THUMB A RIDE!

KILL HIM, YOU FOOLS!

IF I'M CROWDING YOU, THIS WILL GIVE YOU MORE ROOM!



I'LL NEED A LOT OF SPACE FOR THIS NEXT OPERATION!

YOU'LL GET SPACE.. SIX FEET DOWN!

THUMB'S DOWN!



HOW D'YA LIKE THEM APPLES?

HUH???



BUT BEFORE THE STUNNED CHAMPION CAN RE-COVER, THE THUMB AND HIS HIRELINGS HAVE FLED...



HIS MUSCULAR SHOULDERS SHAKE AS HE CRADLES THE STILL FORM IN HIS ARMS... BUT WHAT'S THIS? **HE'S LAUGHING!!**

TOWING THIS DUMMY BEHIND ME WITH A WIRE CERTAINLY FOOLED THEM! WHILE THEY BLASTED AT IT, I HAD A CHANCE TO TACKLE THEM BY SURPRISE!



I'VE GOT IT! WELL HAVE HIM PAY US A SOCIAL CALL!

HAVE YA GONE BATTY?



THERE IS NO LAUGHTER IN THE SECRET STRONGHOLD OF THE THUMB, HOWEVER...

THE BATMAN WON'T GIVE US A MINUTE'S PEACE FROM NOW ON! I'LL NEVER GET THIS TOWN UNDER MY THUMB WHILE HE'S **ALIVE!**



WE DON'T WANT ANOTHER FIGHT... HE CAN MOVE LIKE LIGHTNING AND HIT LIKE A THUNDERBOLT!

YA DON'T HAVE TO WISE US UP TO WHAT WE ALREADY KNOW!



NEXT MORNING...

HMMML! A TRAP, OF COURSE---BUT IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO LOCATE THE THUMB BEFORE HE CARRIES OUT ANY MORE OF HIS MURDEROUS SCHEMES!



SLOWLY, THE BATMAN APPROACHES THE BULLET-RIDDLED FIGURE ON THE SIDEWALK...

KILLERS WHO WOULD DELIBERATELY MURDER A BOY DON'T DESERVE THE SLIGHTEST CONSIDERATION!



MEANWHILE, AT THE THUMB'S HIDEOUT, PREPARATIONS ARE MADE TO RECEIVE THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR...

TH' THUMB'S WATCHIN' THE BACK DOOR, AN' MONK TH' FRONT, AN' I'M UP HERE IN CASE HE TRIES ANY AERIAL TRICKS---TH' POOR SAPAINT GOT NO CHANCE!



A PEPPLER AT THE KITCHEN DOOR  
FINDS AN UNPROMISING PROSPECT...

I'M THE  
FILLER  
BRUSH  
MAN!

NO SALE!  
SWEEP YOUR-  
SELF ON  
YOUR WAY!

YOU CAN'T  
BRUSH ME  
OFF THAT  
SIMPLY!

SAY---  
ARE YOU  
TIRED OF  
LIVING?

I INSIST  
ON DEMONSTRATING  
THE NEWEST  
WRINKLES IN  
HOUSECLEANING!

MONK!  
SLASHER!  
HE'S  
HERE!

FLINGING ASIDE HIS DISGUISE, THE BATMAN GIRD  
FOR BATTLE ...

I'LL MOP  
UP THE WHOLE  
GANG OF  
YOU!

MAKE IT A  
GOOD JOB...  
HERE'S SOME  
SOAP!

NO  
SOAP!

THEN PERHAPS  
YOU'D LIKE  
TO START WITH  
THE CELLAR!

HOW'D  
HE GET  
IN?

WHA...?

DOWN-  
STAIRS!  
AFTER  
HIM, YOU  
GUYS!

THE FORCE OF THE  
FALL STUNNS THE  
BATMAN...

GRAB  
HIM BE-  
FORE HE  
COMES TO!

AND WHEN CONSCIOUS-  
NESS RETURNS ...

WHERE  
AM I?

IN OUR  
QUEST ROOM,  
NICE AND  
COZY WITH  
ALL YOUR  
PRETTY BRUSHES!

FILLER  
BRUSHES

WHILE YOU'RE STARVING BY INCHES, RE-MEMBER THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU'D HEEDED MY WARNING!

THE LAST BLOCK IS CEMENTED IN PLACE, LEAVING THE PRISONER ENTOMBED IN CLAMMY DARKNESS ...

NO WEAPONS OR TOOLS EXCEPT THOSE BRUSHES... I WONDER ...?

THIS ONE HAS WIRE BRISTLES... IN TIME I SUPPOSE THEY'D OUT-LAST ROPE FIBERS ...

THEN BEGINS A SLOW AGONIZING STRUGGLE ...

WHEW! IF ONLY MY WRIST DOESN'T WEAR OUT BEFORE THE ROPE DOES...

AT LONG LAST, THE BATMAN FREES HIMSELF FROM HIS BONDS... ONLY TO FIND THAT THE MASONRY WALL RESISTS HIS UTMOST STRENGTH.

NO USE... I CAN'T BUDGE. IT LOOKS AS IF I'LL DIE HERE... UNLESS...

IN A DESPERATE LAST RESORT, HE TURNS TO HIS BELT BUCKLE RADIO.

I HATE TO CALL ROBIN AFTER WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY, BUT MORE LIVES THAN MINE DEPEND ON IT... BATMAN CALLING ROBIN!

ROBIN! THIS IS THE BATMAN! I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, IF YOU'LL ONLY ANSWER THIS CALL!

SO...THEY HAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN STORIES ON THE RADIO NOW! WELL, I DON'T LIKE EXCITEMENT DURING BUSINESS HOURS!

NOW THINGS WILL BE MORE PEACEFUL!

--I'M IN TROUBLE IN A BASEMENT AT..CLICK!



FAR FROM THE SOUND  
OF THE PAWNED RADIO,  
THE BATMAN'S LAST  
HOPE TREADS A WEARY  
TRAIL OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

NOBODY'LL HIRE  
ME! IF I HAD THE  
BATMAN'S RE-  
COMMENDATION...  
BUT HE DOESN'T  
GIVE A  
HOOT ABOUT  
ME!



GRIEF AND SEARING ANGER BOIL  
WITHIN DICK'S BREAST AS HE  
TRAILS THE THUGS, A SMALL BUT  
DAUNTLESS AVENGER ...

HIS FIRST CASE  
WITHOUT ME TO  
HELP... AND HE  
FAILED! I'LL  
BET THAT OTHER  
KID LET HIM  
DOWN!



THREE "WISE GUYS"  
GET THE SCARE  
OF THEIR  
CROOKED LIVES ...

I'M HERE TO  
EVEN THINGS  
UP FOR THE  
BATMAN!

HEY... I  
KILLED  
YOU  
MYSELF!

IT'S  
A  
GHOST!



DISILLUSIONED AS THE BOY IS, HIS PULSE  
LEAPS AS HE OVERHEARS A FAMILIAR NAME.

HUH? THEY'RE  
TALKING ABOUT  
HIM?

HAW, HAW!  
I GET A KICK,  
WHEN I THINK  
HOW TH' THUMB  
FIXED TH' BAT-  
MAN!

HE WON'T  
MAKE NO  
MORE TROUBLE,  
BURIED IN  
THAT CELLAR!



OKAY... START  
WORKIN'... THE  
KITCHEN'S  
THIS WAY! -??

THE  
BATMAN...  
DEAD...  
OH... NEVER  
MIND!

WITH HIM  
DEAD, WELL,  
SQUEEZE  
MILLIONS  
OUTA THIS  
TOWN!



I'M GLAD I  
KEPT MY UNI-  
IFORM WITH  
ME... NOW  
THEY'LL  
KNOW WHO'S  
GETTING EVEN  
WITH  
THEM!



NO THOUGHT OF PERSONAL  
DANGER ENTERS THE LOYAL  
MIND OF ROBIN AS HE  
ENTERS UPON HIS HAZ-  
ARDOUS ROLE ...

THREE OF THEM...  
ALL ARMED! BUT  
IT DOESN'T MATTER  
MUCH IF THEY DO  
KILL ME, NOW  
THAT HE'S  
GONE...



BUT BOYISH FURY IS HELPLESS AGAINST  
THE OVERWHELMING STRENGTH OF  
GROWN MEN-- AND THE BATTLE  
LASTS ONLY SECONDS --

YOU  
LITTLE  
WILDCAT--  
YOU'VE FOUGHT  
YOUR LAST  
FIGHT!

WHY DON'T  
YOU FIGHT  
FAIR?

HE'S GOT  
A PUNCH  
LIKE A  
PILE-  
DRIVER!



IN THE CELLAR...



I'LL HAVE A HOLE BIG ENOUGH TO PUT TH' KID THROUGH IN A JIFFY--AN' THIS TIME HE'LL STAY PUT!



HE'S COMIN' THROUGH! GET HIM, MONK!

YOU IDIOT! YOU'RE SHOOTING AT ME!

ABRUPTLY, AN EXPLOSIVE FIST BLASTS THROUGH THE WALL...

BATMAN! YOU'RE ALIVE!

THIS IS THE END OF THE MONK!



THANKS, ROBIN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D HAVE DONE IF--

THUMBS DOWN ON THE BATMAN!



THE WARDEN AT THE STATE PRISON IS GOING TO HAVE A SORE THUMB FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

AHHHHHHHHH...

WITH THE PASSING OF PERIL, A MEMORY OF INJUSTICE RETURNS TO ROBIN...

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, ROBIN, I WOULDN'T BE WRAPPING THIS BUNDLE FOR THE BIG HOUSE!

WELL---YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ME ANY MORE...



GUESS I'LL  
MAKE A  
NUISANCE  
OF MYSELF  
SOMEWHERE  
ELSE!

WAIT--YOU  
KNOW I'D  
RATHER LOSE  
BOTH ARMS  
THAN YOU!

BUT YOU  
WANT TO  
WORK ALONE!  
REMEMBER?

DON'T BE  
AN IDIOT!  
READ THIS  
LETTER THE  
THUMB SENT  
TO COMMISSIONER  
GORDON...

AND THIS IS WHY  
YOU WANTED ME  
OUT OF THE  
WAY?

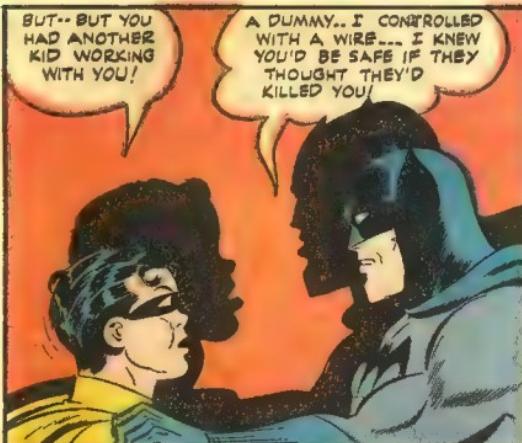


BUT-- BUT YOU  
HAD ANOTHER  
KID WORKING  
WITH YOU!

A DUMMY.. I CONTROLLED  
WITH A WIRE... I KNEW  
YOU'D BE SAFE IF THEY  
THOUGHT THEY'D  
KILLED YOU!

THEN YOU WERE  
THINKING OF  
ME ALL THE  
TIME!

OF COURSE! BUT  
IF YOU'D KNOWN  
THE TRUTH, YOU'D  
HAVE INSISTED ON  
GETTING INTO  
THE SCRAP!

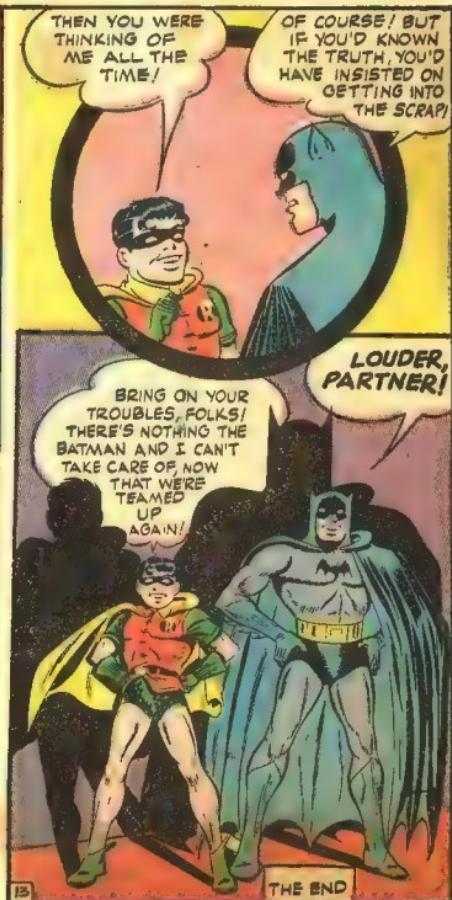
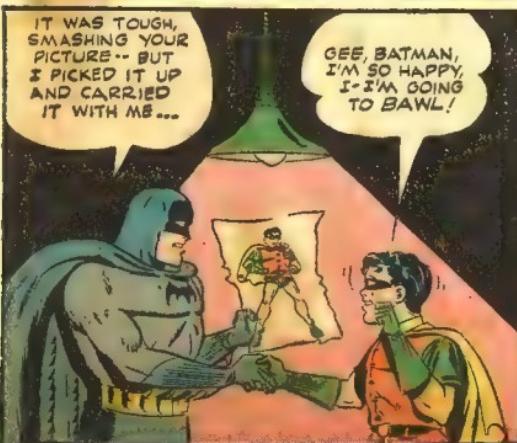


IT WAS TOUGH,  
SMASHING YOUR  
PICTURE-- BUT  
I PICKED IT UP  
AND CARRIED  
IT WITH ME...

GEE, BATMAN,  
I'M SO HAPPY,  
I-I'M GOING  
TO BAWL!

BRING ON YOUR  
TROUBLES, FOLKS!  
THERE'S NOTHING THE  
BATMAN AND I CAN'T  
TAKE CARE OF, NOW  
THAT WE'RE  
TEAMED  
UP  
AGAIN!

LOUDER,  
PARTNER!





# ROUND-HOUSE willie

I BEEN PUSHING THE OLD 999½ UP AN' DOWN THESE R.R. TRACKS FOR 75 YEARS AN' SOMETHING JUST OCCURRED TO ME...

GIVE.

SAY, WILLIE... I NEED ADVICE.

WHAT'S STIRRING, MR. NUGGINS?

I THOUGHT MAYBE I WAS DUE FOR A RAISE.

AFTER SEVENTY-FIVE (75) YEARS??

BY ALL MEANS, MR. N... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK TO OUR NEW EFFICIENCY EXPERT... HE HANDLES THE MONEY NOW.

DANDY!

ER...MR. SNITHERS... I THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO HAVE A RAISE... SORT OF...

LET'S HAVE THE PRO AND CON.

WELL...I BEEN ENGINEER ON THIS PIKE FOR ¾ OF A CENTURY, AND....

75 YEARS BEHIND THE THROTTLE, EH? EVER GET A HUNK OF COAL IN YOUR EYE?

S-SOB!

OH, YES!.. EVERY DAY!

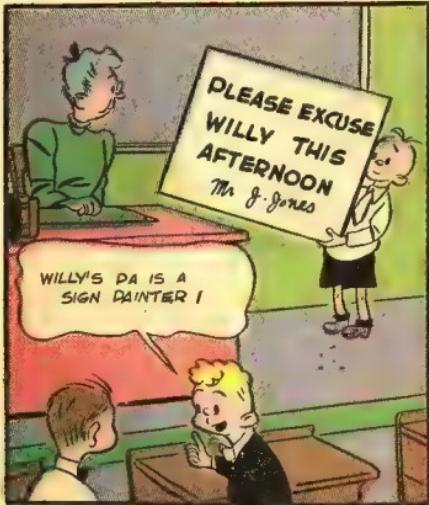
HMM, YES.... $75 \times 365 =$   
SFN=DXSNF...AH-H, YES!

SNF...

NOW!...DURING YOUR EMPLOYMENT HERE, YOU'VE CAUGHT IN YOUR EYE AND CARRIED AWAY WITH YOU \$14.92 WORTH OF COAL, BUT BECAUSE OF YOUR LONG AND FAITHFUL SERVICE WE WON'T CHARGE YOU FOR IT!

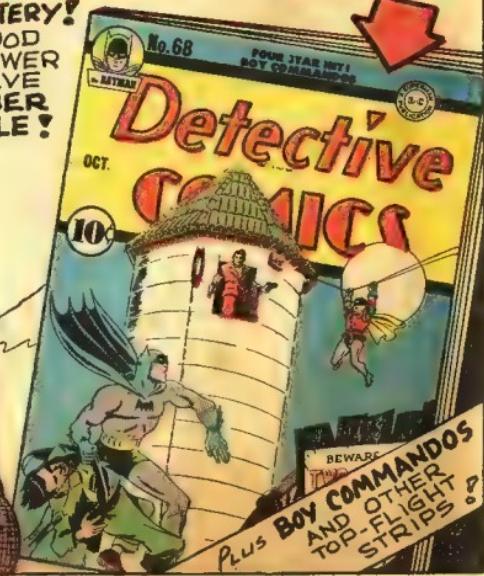


# LAFFS



## DOUBLE TROUBLE FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN!!

**TWO-FACE! MODERN MAN OF MYSTERY!**  
 IS HE ONE MAN OR TWO? IS HE GOOD  
 OR IS HE EVIL--OR DOES THE ANSWER  
 LIE IN HOW YOU LOOK AT HIM? SOLVE  
 THE RIDDLE FOR YOURSELF IN OCTOBER  
 DETECTIVE COMICS --NOW ON SALE!



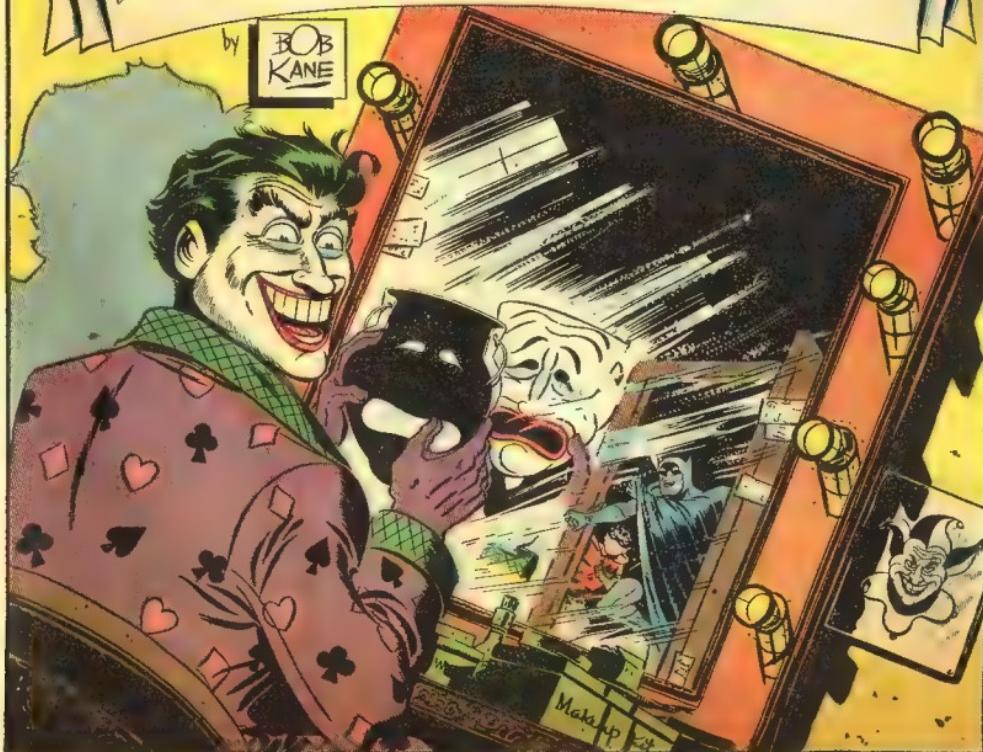
# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

TIME AND AGAIN, ONE MAN HAS PLAYED THE SAME MOCKING PART ON THIS STAGE OF LIFE -- THAT ARCH-FIEND OF LAUGHTER, THAT MASTER CLOWN -- THE JOKER! NOW, THE CRIME CLOWN STEPS OUT OF HIS ROLE, DONS THE MASK OF TRAGEDY, AND STALKS BEFORE FOOTLIGHTS TO MAKE PEOPLE CRY! -- BUT THOSE TWIN SENTINELS OF THE LAW -- BATMAN AND HIS YOUNG AIDE, ROBIN -- EVER ALERT TO THE GRIM JESTER'S MADCAP PRANKS -- TAKE THEIR CUE AND MAKE THEIR DYNAMIC ENTRANCE FROM THE WINGS IN TIME TO STEAL THE SHOW IN THIS -- "COMEDY OF TEARS!"

by

BOB  
KANE



EARLY ONE MORNING, AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON

GOSH, WHAT A NIGHTMARE! I DREAMED I WAS FIGHTING THE JOKER!

YOUR DREAMS MAY SOON COME TRUE, DICK! THE JOKER'S LOOSE AGAIN!

PROPHETIC WORDS! FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE GRIM JESTER IS GLOATING OVER THE NEWEST PRANK BORN OF HIS TWISTED BRAIN!

FOOLS! THEY CALL ME THE JOKER! BUT SOON THEY SHALL SEE ANOTHER SIDE OF ME!



AND IN STILL ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...



THE NEXT DAY, GOTHAM CITY IS STARTLED BY A SENSATIONAL BARRAGE OF BRAZEN MESSAGES! DOWNTOWN...



NEXT DAY, LITTLE JOHNNY BLAKE LEAVES SCHOOL WITH A HAPPY GRIN ...

BOY, OH BOY! THREE A'S THIS MONTH INSTEAD OF THREE D'S LAST TIME! GEE! WAIT'L DAD SEES THIS!



THAT SAME DAY, OLD JOE BRADY IS ABOUT TO CASH IN ON HIS FIRST DAY'S WORK IN A YEAR...

I GOT 100 PEOPLE IN THE SWANKY UPTOWN DISTRICT TO SIGN THIS PETITION TO HAVE THE PARK COMMISSIONER REMOVED! AND HIS RIVAL PROMISED ME FIVE CENTS A NAME!



THAT MEANS I'VE EARNED FIVE DOLLARS-- HEY, WHAT--

YOU LOOK TOO HAPPY! THE JOKER DON'T LIKE THAT! I'LL TAKE THAT PETITION!

IT'S AN ART, BRUISER! YOU'VE GOT TO PICK YOUR AUDIENCE!

A LITTLE LATER... ELSEWHERE...

I HAVE THE BEST OF REFERENCES, MR. VAN GOLDE! I CAN SHOW YOU... TUT, TUT, IF YOU WANT THIS JOB, LET ME SEE HOW WELL YOU CAN DRIVE!

TEN MINUTES PASS BY AND THE CAR RETURNS, PULLING UP SMOOTHLY AT THE CURB...

YOU'LL DO! NOW LET ME SEE YOUR REFERENCES, YOUNG MAN!

THEY'RE RIGHT HERE, IN MY WALLET!

YOU MEAN THEY WERE! TOODLE-OOG!

BUT I CAN'T LOCATE MY FORMER EMPLOYERS RIGHT AWAY! THEY'RE NOT IN TOWN!

SORRY, BUT I MUST HAVE REFERENCES! HOW DO I KNOW YOU WEREN'T IN CAHOOTS WITH THAT THIEF?

AT BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME THAT EVENING...

THE JOKER'S MADE PEOPLE CRY, ALL RIGHT! BUT WHAT FOR, AND WHERE DO WE COME IN?

THERE MUST BE SOME REASON BEHIND IT ALL! WE'VE GOT TO BE READY WHEN THE JOKER SHOWS HIS HAND!

LET'S SEE... A KID'S REPORT CARD, A PETITION LIST, A CHAUFFEUR'S REFERENCE PAPERS...

ROBIN... I'VE GOT IT! I SEE WHAT HE'S AFTER! COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO SEE COMMISSIONER GORDON!

YES... THERE IS A METHOD BEHIND THE JOKER'S MADNESS, BATMAN HAS GUessed THE SECRET OF THE CRY-BABY CRIMES...

have you??

AND SO ANOTHER VICTIM SUCCUMBS TO THE JOKER'S WANTON WHIM!

AT THE CRIME CLOWN'S HIDEOUT, BRAWNY HENCHMEN ARE PUZZLED, TOO...

JOKER, THAT WAS SOME RISK, JUST TO MAKE GUYS CRY!

FOOL! THAT'S WHAT I WANT PEOPLE TO THINK--TO COVER UP MY REAL AIM! I REALLY WANTED THAT REPORT CARD--IT HAS J.P. BLAKE'S SIGNATURE ON IT!

THIS PETITION HAS THE SIGNATURES OF WEALTHY, IMPORTANT MEN!... AND THE CHAUFFEUR'S REFERENCES ARE SIGNED BY OUR BEST CITIZENS! NOW DO YOU SEE?

I GET IT! WE'RE GOING TO FORGE CHECKS AND CASH IN, EH? NO, NOTHING AS RISKY AS THAT! I HAVE OTHER PLANS! LISTEN...

LATER, AT COLOSSAL STUDIOS, WHERE A SELECTED GALA CROWD IS CELEBRATING THE FILMING OF THE FINAL SCENES OF A GREAT EPIC....

OKAY! J.P. BLAKE'S PASS IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....

THE JOKER PULLED THOSE JOBS TO OBTAIN SIGNATURES, I TELL YOU!

WHAT CAN WE DO...

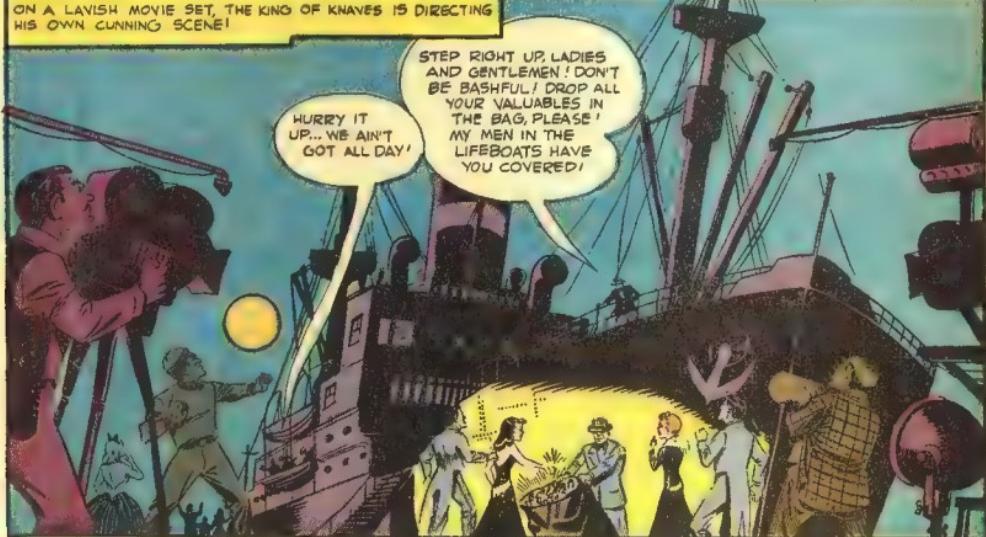
A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION...

CHIEF, THE JOKER'S HOLDING UP THE COLOSSAL STUDIOS' CROWD! A GUARD MANAGED TO PHONE US!

SEE HOW IT FITS IN? LITTLE JOHNNY BLAKE'S FATHER IS VICE-PRESIDENT OF COLOSSAL! THEY FORGED HIS SIGNATURE!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

ON A LAVISH MOVIE SET, THE KING OF KNAVES IS DIRECTING HIS OWN CUNNING SCENE!



HURRY IT UP... WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!

STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! DON'T BE BASHFUL! DROP ALL YOUR VALUABLES IN THE BAG, PLEASE! MY MEN IN THE LIFEBOATS HAVE YOU COVERED!

ABRUPTLY LIKE A HUMAN PENDULUM, A SMALL CLOAKED FIGURE FLASHES DOWN FROM ABOVE!



HEY! WE'RE FALLING!

I DON'T LIKE THIS SCENE! CUT!

POW!  
YOU COULD STAND MORE PUNCH IN YOUR SCENES, TOO!



BUT THE CRAFTY JOKER STILL HAS A TRICK LEFT!

NOTHING WRONG WITH MY FOOTWORK THOUGH, BATMAN!

UH!



AND ROBIN? HE'S BUSY "STEALING" A SCENE IN AN EXPLOSIVE DRAMA AS REAL AS LIFE!

WHAT A LOVELY SET OF TEETH... YOU HAD....

YOU BRAT... I'LL FEED YOU LEAD....



WHAT WERE YOU SAYING...? I COULDN'T HEAR YOU!



WOW! WAIT'LL MY KID SEE THESE SHOTS OF THE BOY WONDER IN ACTION AGAINST THE JOKER'S MEN!



UP THE WINDING STEPS OF A MAN-MADE CLIFF USED FOR MOVIE ACTION SCENES RACE CRIME FIGHTER AND CRIMINAL!

HA! HERE'S WHERE I PUT ONE OVER ON THE BATMAN!



AT THE TOP...

ALL RIGHT, BATMAN. COME AND GET ME!

COMING, JOKER!



PLUNGING FORWARD TOO SWIFTLY TO STOP HIMSELF, THE BATMAN TRIPS OVER THE SUDDENLY-CROUCHED FORM OF HIS ADVERSARY!



ACTING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE CRIME CLOWN DELIVERS AN ULTIMATUM!



JOKER... YOU WIN THIS TRICK!



ABRUPTLY, THE BATMAN'S STRONG VOICE REECHOES THRU THE DEATHLY SILENCE . . .



WITHOUT A WORD, THE BAT-CAPED FIGURE LUNGES FORWARD... NOT AT THE JOKER... BUT INTO THE EMPTY SPACE OF THE YAWNING CHASM!



AND AS THE JOKER LEAPS AWAY... AN ANXIOUS BOY RACES TO THE RAVINE WITH A FEAR-STRANGLED HEART...



IS THIS THE END OF THE BATMAN? HAS A FOOLHARDY GESTURE WRITTEN FINIS TO THE CAREER OF CRIME'S GREATEST FOE???



A STRANGE SIGHT GREETES ROBIN'S EYES/

I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THIS SAFETY NET THEY OFTEN USE ON SETS IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS! GUESS I FOOLDED THE JOKER, EH?

WHEW! YOU HAD ME POOLED, TOO!

BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET AFTER HIM!

HE'S GONE BY NOW, AND SO ARE HIS MEN! BUT LOOK AT WHAT ONE OF THOSE MUGGS DROPPED!

PRETTY BOY" DUGAN WHO WILL BE ELECTROCUTED AT 11:15 TONIGHT UNLESS THE GOVERNOR GIVES HIM A LAST-MINUTE REPRIEVE!

HMM! THE JOKER MUST BE PLANNING SOME DIRTY WORK AT THE PRISON! ROBIN, THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR BUSY NIGHT!

LATER... A POWERFUL OFFICIAL SEDAN, FILLED WITH STATE TROOPERS, SCREECHES TO A HALT BEFORE THE GRIM WALLS OF STATE PRISON!



MOMENTS LATER...

THE GOVERNOR HAS REPRIVED DUGAN AND WANTS US TO BRING HIM TO HIS OFFICE AT ONCE FOR AN INTERVIEW! HERE ARE HIS ORDERS!

VERY WELL, I'LL PLACE HIM IN YOUR CUSTODY, CAPTAIN!



THE CONDEMNED KILLER SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF LEGAL DEATH, THE SEDAN ROARS AWAY!

WAIT'LL THEY LEARN WE FAKED THE GOVERNOR'S SIGNATURE!  
HAI HA!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO PAY YOU THE \$10,000 MY LAWYER PROMISED, JOKER! I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER!



THE GRIM JESTER AND HIS MEN CHANGE BACK TO THEIR CIVILIAN CLOTHES!

HEY, JOKER, LOOK-- THE BATMOBILE!

WHAT'VE THE BATMAN ALIVE! STEP ON IT, BRUISER!



STEEL HANDS GUIDE THE SUPERCHARGED BATMOBILE AS IT THUNDERS IN THE WAKE OF THE HARRIED CRIME CLOWN!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM, ROBIN! THAT "PRETTY-BOY" DUGAN IS A COLD-BLOODED KILLER!

MILES ARE SWALLOWED UP AS, AT BREAKNECK SPEED, THE MADCAP CROSS-COUNTRY CHASE CONTINUES... UNTIL SUDDENLY...

A DEAD-END STREET!

FOOL! NOW THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE CAR!

HOT ON THEIR HEELS, THE DYNAMIC TEAM CHASES THE FUGITIVES TO AN EXCLUSIVE BEACH CLUB!

FIRST DOWN, FOUR TO GO!

NICE TACKLE, KID!

HURRICANE FURY PACKED IN FOUR FISTS SCATTERS THE JOKER'S MINIONS LIKE LEAVES BEFORE THE STORM!

OW-OW-OW!

THAT'S NOT AS BAD AS THE HOT SEAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET!

LET'S MAKE SHORT WORK OF THESE LUGS, ROBIN!

OUT ONTO THE HARD-PACKED SANDS RACES THE GRIM JESTER...

SAND SAILBOATS! I'VE CHASED THAT MADMAN IN ALMOST EVERY KIND OF VEHICLE, BUT THIS IS A NEW ONE!

1) ROCKETING ALONG OVER MOONSWEEP  
SAND TUNES AT A MILE-A-MINUTE  
CLIP, LAWMAN PURSUES OUTLAW  
IN A RACE THAT MUST BE WON!

I'M GAINING,  
BUT I CAN'T  
CATCH HIM  
UNLESS...

2) MUSCLES COILED LIKE STEEL SPRINGS,  
THE BATMAN CROUCHES... AND HURLES  
FORWARD IN A DARING LEAP!

3) HELLO...  
BATMAN  
ABOARD,  
JOKER!

... AND  
GOODBYE!

5) BUT THE CRIME-  
CRUSHER'S FINGERS  
STAB OUT LIKE A  
STRIKING COBRA'S  
FANGS, GRIP ROPE  
REPRISE...

CAN'T GET  
RID OF ME  
SO EASILY,  
JOKER! I'M  
COMING AT  
YOU!

6) AND THE TWO ARCH-  
ENEMIES OF THE CENTURY  
LOCK IN PERILOUS  
COMBAT...

... AS THE UNGUIDED SAILBOAT BOLTS AWAY  
LIKE A RUNAWAY METEOR!

7) THE DEADLY BATTLE  
ENDS ABRUPTLY... AS  
THE CAREENING BOAT  
CRASHES INTO A  
BARRIER OF ROCKS...

**CRASH!**

AND TWO FIGURES  
CATAPULT SKYWARD IN  
TO THE RAGING SEA!

SECONDS TICK BY, AND THEN A HEAD EMERGES FROM THE CHOPPY, WHITE-CAPPED WATERS.. THE BATMANS!

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! LOOKS LIKE THE JOKER DIDN'T COME UP FOR AIR!



HAS THE MASTER OF MOCKERY FINALLY PLUNGED TO HIS DOOM ON THE JAGGED ROCKS BENEATH THE WAVES? ONLY TIME CAN TELL.



THE NEXT WEEK, THOUGH, THE FATE OF THE JOKER IS EXPLOSIVELY REVEALED!

THE JOKER GOT AWAY! HE JUST PULLED SOME NEW JOBS GETTING INTO RICH HOMES BY FORGING SERVANTS' REFERENCES!

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT! I CAN'T EVEN RELAX!



HOW ARE WE GOING TO GO AFTER HIM NOW? WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO NEXT IN THIS COMEDY OF TEARS!



THAT EVENING, THE NEWSPAPERS...

CHAMPION AUTOGRAPH HUNTER  
TOMORROW WILL BE AN ACTIVE DAY FOR YOUNG



AND THE FOLLOWING DAY, A DISGUISED ROBIN ROVES TOWN PURSUING HIS NEW HOBBY, AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING...

GEE, THANKS!  
JOE DIMAGGIO!  
HOT DOG!



AT THE DOOR OF A FAMOUS RESTAURANT...

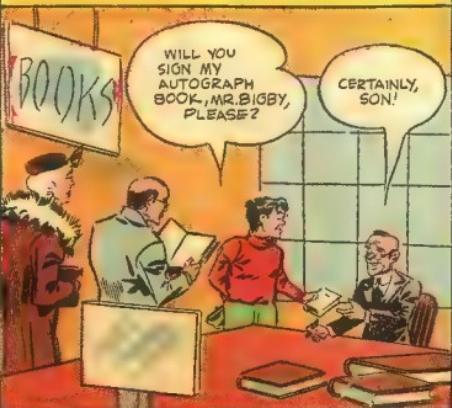
JERRY SIEGEL,  
THE CREATOR OF SUPERMAN,  
I ALWAYS  
WANTED HIS AUTOGRAPH!



AND AT A DEPARTMENT STORE BOOK COUNTER...

WILL YOU SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK, MR. BIGBY, PLEASE?

CERTAINLY, SON!



OUTSIDE, AMID THE JOSTLING CROWDS, A HAND SNAKES OUT AND...

I'LL TAKE THAT!

HEY-- WHATCHA DOING?



IT WORKED! THE FISH BIT, ALL RIGHT! THERE'S ONLY ONE SIGNATURE IN THAT BOOK. THE JOKER CAN REALLY USE-- THE OWNERS OF THE OTHERS ARE ALL GOING OUT OF TOWN!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE HOTEL  
CLAIR...

MR. BIGBY ASKED  
ME TO GET THE  
KEY TO HIS PRIVATE  
SAFE THAT HE  
LEFT WITH YOU!  
HERE'S HIS  
NOTE!

HMM..  
OKAY!! IT'S  
IN OUR  
VAULT!  
I'LL GET  
IT IN A  
MINUTE!

UPSTAIRS, AT ARTEMUS BIGBY'S SUITE...

DON'T BE  
ALARMED, MR. BIGBY.  
I JUST WANT TO-  
ER- COLLECT YOUR  
RARE BUTTERFLY  
COLLECTION I'M SURE  
I CAN SELL IT FOR  
\$100,000, DON'T YOU?

WHAT'S THE  
MEANING  
OF THIS?  
ROBBERS!

HAI! THE  
KEY FITS  
AND--

SAFE



HIS CRONIES SHAMED AND CHLOROFORMED BY THE MEKK BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR, THE CORNERED CLOWN FIGHTS ON ALONE!



ONCE AGAIN THE JOKER BARGAINS--THIS TIME, ROBIN'S FATE IN THE BALANCE!

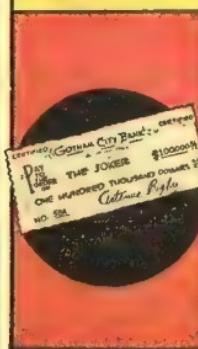
MY MEN ARE CAPTURED, MY PLANS BROKEN UP, BUT I'M GOING TO GET SOMETHING OUT OF THIS! I WANT MY FREEDOM AND \$100,000 FROM BIGBY, OR ELSE--



SOON THE BARGAIN IS SEALED...



LATER, IN A NEW HIDE-OUT, THE BRAZEN BUFFOON OF CRIME OPENS THE ENVELOPE AND SEES . . .



OH, OH! IDIOT THAT I AM! THE BATMAN KEPT HIS WORD--BUT HE HAD BIGBY PAY ME BY CERTIFIED CHECK! BUT I CAN'T CASH IT! IT'S MADE OUT TO THE JOKER--AND IF I WALKED INTO A BANK, I'D BE NABBED!

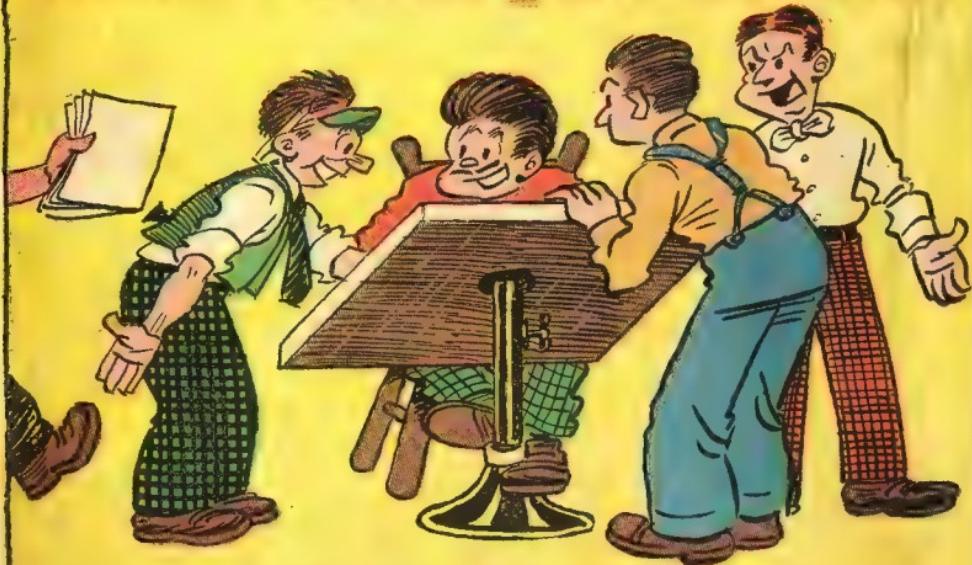


THE BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE THE LAST LAUGH!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE JOKER'S FACE WHEN HE REALIZES THE TRUTH!  
POETIC JUSTICE, ROBIN! HE WANTED TO MAKE OTHERS CRY--IT'S HIS TURN NOW!



# WE'VE PEPPED 'EM UP.....



EDITORS -- WRITERS -- ARTISTS.... WE ALL GOT TOGETHER AND TRADED IDEAS ... WE STUDIED HUNDREDS OF LETTERS FROM YOU READERS -- AND WE LOADED THESE TWO MAGAZINES WITH DYNAMITE! -- JUST THE SORT OF SUPER FEATURES YOU GO FOR IN A BIG WAY!

### IN MORE FUN:

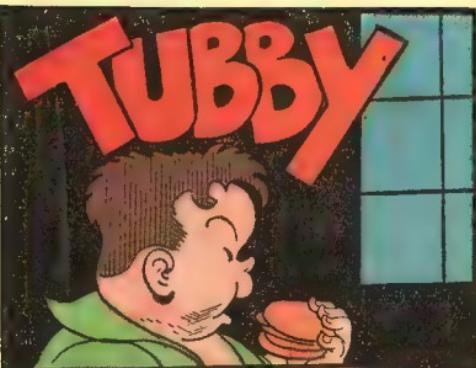
GREEN ARROW  
JOHNNY QUICK  
AQUAMAN  
DR. FATE  
SPECTRE  
RADIO SQUAD

### IN ADVENTURE:

SANDMAN  
GENIUS JONES  
STARMAN  
MANHUNTER  
SHINING KNIGHT  
HOURMAN



# TUBBY



I WANT MY ANGEL TO RUN OVER TO THE DRY CLEANER'S AND GET PAPA'S WHITE FLANNEL COAT FOR LODGE NIGHT!!



I'LL HURRY ON ACCOUNT OF POP IS STILL MAD AT ME ON ACCOUNT OF THOSE WINDOWS IN TINKHAM'S GREEN HOUSE!!



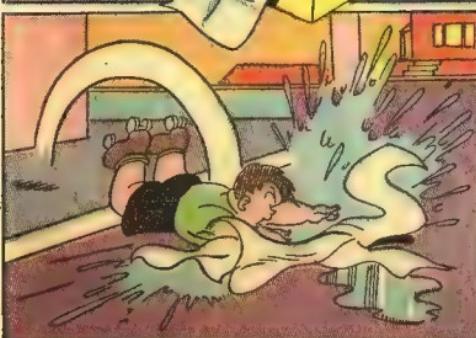
DON'T CRY, SMALL FRY, BUT THAT'S NO WAY TO PASTE UP A KITE --- I'LL LETCHA HAVE SOME PAPER OUTA THIS BUNDLE!!



I'M DOIN' THIS BECAUSE MOM SAID ALWAYS TO BE NICE TO POOR FOLKS AND YOU'RE POORER THAN ANYONE I KNOW!!



IT'S CLEAN ENOUGH INSIDE... WONDER IF POP WOULD BE WILLING TO WEAR IT INSIDE-OUT FOR JUST ONE NIGHT?



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

-THE BOY WONDER-

WHAT'S A STONE?  
JUST A BIT OF COLD ROCK,  
EMOTIONLESS? DEAD, UNEXCITING?  
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!  
WE'LL TELL YOU OF A STONE... OR  
MANY STORIES... OF STONES THAT  
EXPRESSED HATE, REVENGE, EVIL! DO  
THEY SOUND EMOTIONLESS? ---  
AND HERE ALSO ARE STONES THAT  
MEANT NEW LIFE, NARROW ESCAPES,  
FROM IMPENDING DOOM! CERTAINLY,  
STONES THAT ARE NOT DEAD STONES!  
AND AGAIN IN THIS TALE ARE  
PERILOUS ACTION, A TENSE MANKIND!  
DOES THAT SEEM UNEXCITING TO YOU?  
THEN READ ON, LEARN HOW FATE  
CAST THE FIRST STONE,  
THAT DECIDED A MAN'S LIFE  
AND BROUGHT ABOUT.....  
"THE STORY OF THE  
SEVENTEEN  
STONES!"

THE GOTHAM CITY PRISON YARD....

ROCKY GRIMES'S  
TWENTY YEAR  
STRETCH IS UP  
TOMORROW!

YEAH... THE GUY IS AS  
CRACKED AS THEM  
STONES HE HAMMERS!  
IMAGINE HIM PUTTIN'  
ON AN INNOCENCE ACT  
ALL THE TIME!



BOB  
KANE

THE NEXT DAY ROCKY GETS HIS RELEASE!

WARDEN, YOU STILL  
DON'T BELIEVE MY  
STORY THAT I'M  
**NOT** ROCKY GRIMES,  
THE GANGSTER!

I'VE HEARD YOU  
SAY THAT FOR  
TWENTY YEARS  
NOW! I KNOW  
YOU'RE ROCKY!  
**FINGERPRINTS**  
DON'T LIE!  
YOU'VE SERVED  
YOUR TIME. FORGET  
THE YARN!

SO A BEWILDERED MAN WALKS  
FROM BEHIND STONE PRISON  
WALLS TO THE STONE PAVEMENTS  
OF GOTHAM CITY!

ABRUPTLY, A CAR TIRE PASSES  
OVER THE END OF A LOOSE  
COBBLESTONE... AND FLIPS IT  
STRAIGHT AT THE MAN'S TEMPLE!



LATER... WHEN THE  
BLACK CURTAIN OF  
UNCONSCIOUSNESS  
LIFTS....

OH... MY HEAD!...  
LEFTY SLAPDE... HE  
SLUGGED ME... I  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO MY HAIR?...  
AN' MY FACE  
WRINKLED  
----OLD!

MY HEAD... SO  
DIZZY... BUT I  
REMEMBER NOW--  
REMEMBER!  
ME AND MY  
MOB.... WE  
WERE HOLDING  
UP A BANK...  
I SHOT A  
GUARD....

IN HIS MIND'S EYE, THE MAN GOES BACK... BACK TO A  
**TWENTY YEARS AGO!!**



LATER... IN THE  
HIDEOUT...

CHUMP! YOU  
HADDA GET  
SMART AN'  
BLAB YOUR  
NAME!

NOW EVERY  
COP  
IN THE  
COUNTRY  
WILL BE  
AFTER YOU!

YOU, MEAN AFTER  
US! WE'RE ALL  
IN THIS TOGETHER.  
SQUEAL ON ME  
AND I'LL SQUEAL  
ON YOU GUYS!

TOO LATE, ROCKY TRIES TO DUCK...  
AS A HURLED STONE HITS HIS  
TEMPLE!

YOU  
DOUBLE-  
CROSSING  
RAT!



ROCKY'S RIGHT!  
WE'RE ACCESSORIES  
BEFORE THE FACT  
IN THAT GUARD  
KILLIN'! THAT  
MEANS WE'RE  
ALL LIABLE  
TO GO TO THE  
CHAIR!

WHY  
SHOULD  
WE BURN  
FOR  
SOMETHING  
ROCKY  
DID?

MY HEAD! --- UH!  
--- WHERE AM I?  
WHO ARE YOU?

WE'RE THE GUYS  
WHO AIN'T GONNA  
TAKE THE RAP FOR  
YOU! YOU WALK  
THAT LAST  
MILE BY YOUR  
SELF!

RAP? LAST MILE?  
DON'T UNDERSTAND!  
MIND'S A BLANK!  
DON'T EVEN KNOW  
MY NAME...  
CAN'T REMEMBER  
ANYTHING!

STALLIN'  
EH?...

WAIT! ROCKY  
MUST HAVE  
AMNESIA...  
BROUGHT  
ON BY THAT  
STONE THAT  
HIT HIS  
HEAD!

AMNESIA?  
I HEARD OF  
THAT! MAKES  
A GUY  
FORGET  
EVERYTHING  
ABOUT  
THE PAST!

HEY! IF ROCKY CAN'T REMEMBER US,  
WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY  
ABOUT! ALL WE DO IS DUMP  
HIM AT A POLICE STATION AND  
LET HIM TAKE THE RAP!

AND SO THIS MAN WITH A PERPLEXED, VAGUE  
MIND IS BROUGHT TO THE LAW!

YOU SAY I'M ROCKY  
GRIMES... A GANGSTER.  
BUT IT CAN'T BE!... I  
WOULD REMEMBER  
BEING ONE!... BUT  
I CAN'T/I CAN'T!

THAT'S  
THE MAN  
WHO  
SHOT  
MY  
FRIEND!

AND THESE  
FINGERPRINTS  
CLINCH IT!  
YOU'RE  
ROCKY  
GRIMES!

AND HERE... HERE IS ROCKY  
GRIMES TODAY... THE MAN  
WHO REMEMBERED TWENTY  
YEARS LATER!

YEAH... INSTEAD OF THE  
CHAIR, I GOT TWENTY YEARS...  
TWENTY YEARS OF LIFE  
GONE WHILE MY "PALS"  
WE'RE SITTING  
PRETTY!

IT TOOK A STONE TO TAKE  
MY MEMORY AWAY FROM ME  
--- AND ANOTHER STONE  
TO BRING IT BACK!  
STONES...  
TWENTY YEARS POUNDING  
STONES!

STONES... ALWAYS  
A STONE! IT'S LIKE  
A SYMBOL! THAT'S  
WHAT IT IS!  
THAT'S HOW  
I'LL GET BACK  
AT MY "PALS"  
WITH STONES...  
STONES!



ROCKY BEGINS A CAMPAIGN OF VENGEANCE BY TRACKING DOWN HIS ONE-TIME MOB --- AND A WEEK LATER....

FIRST ON THE LIST IS LEFTY SLADE! HE'S A BIG-TIME CROOK NOW! A CROOK WOULD LIKE A KEY INTO PLACES, SO HE GETS A KEYSTONE! HA-HA! THAT'S GOOD! A KEYSTONE!

NEXT DAY, AN OLDER, MORE EVIL LEFTY SLADE WAITS UNDER AN OLD-FASHIONED TENEMENT ARCHWAY!

WONDER WHO CALLED ME AND TOLD ME TO WAIT HERE FOR A TIP ABOUT AN EASY JOB?

HIGH ABOVE, A WIRE JERKS HARD AT THE ALREADY WEAKENED KEYSOME AND.. CRUSHING DOOM!



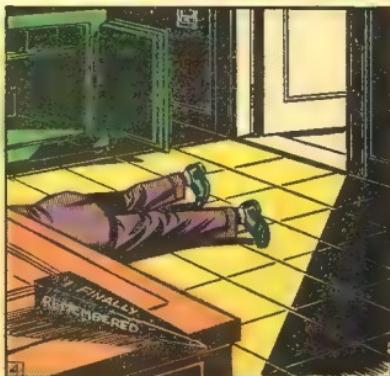
THAT NIGHT--AN EVIL LAUGH TWISTS ROCKY'S LIPS!

NEXT IS "FIN" GONZY! HE'S A LOAN SHARK NOW! PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS ON HIS HEAD FOR A TOUCH! I'LL GIVE HIM A TOUCH, TOO--A TOUCHSTONE!



THE FOLLOWING DAY--- A DISGUISED ROCKY VISITS "FIN" GONZY, THE LOAN SHARK!

I'D LIKE TO HAVE A FEW BUCKS ON THAT GOLD WATCH!



BRUCE, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION ON THESE "I FINALLY REMEMBERED" MURDERS? REVENGE MOTIVE?

THE NEXT DAY-- THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON, IN REALITY THAT CRIME-BUSTING TEAM OF WORLD FAME... BATMAN AND ROBIN!!

CAN'T WORK ON IT NOW! WE HAVE A DATE WITH THE MAYOR TO LAY THE CORNERSTONE OF THAT NEW ORPHANAGE. MASON IS TO BUILD!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE CABLE HOLDING THE HUGE CORNERSTONE GOES SLACK!

LATER-- AT THE BUILDING SITE...

YOU KNOW MASON, THE ARCHITECT?

HELLO, MASON!

HELLO, BATMAN! (WHAT A STRONG FACE HE HAS! I'M GLAD I WENT STRAIGHT! I WOULDN'T WANT HIM AFTER ME!)

THERE'S THE CORNERSTONE THAT IS TO SERVE AS THE FIRST STEP IN BUILDING THE NEW ORPHANAGE!

MASON! LOOK OUT!

CRASH!

OH, MAN! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WRITING ON THE CORNERSTONE'S SURFACE CATCHES THE BATMAN'S EYE!

"I FINALLY REMEM--" THE STONE MURDERS! THAT MAN WORKING THE CRANE TRIED TO KILL MASON!!

HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE! C'MON, ROBIN-- WE'RE WORKING ON THAT CASE NOW!

I FINALLY REMEMBERED

HOT DOG!

WOW!  
THAT  
GUY ISN'T  
FOOLING!

WHINING  
SLUGS SING  
PAST AS  
BATMAN  
AND ROBIN  
TRACK THEIR  
QUARRY TO THE  
WATERFRONT.

COME ANY  
CLOSER AND  
I'LL BLOW  
AIR HOLES  
THROUGH YA!

WHEELING SHARPLY,  
ROCKY OVERTURNS A  
BARREL OF OIL THAT  
SPILLS TO THE WATER...

--AND LEAPS TO AN IDLING  
SPEED BOAT, WITH BATMAN  
AND ROBIN FOLLOWING SUIT!

STILL  
COMIN',  
EH?



GRINNING EVILLY, ROCKY FLIPS A LIGHTED MATCH  
AT THE OIL FILMING THE WATER BEHIND HIM...

-- AND THE OILY WATERS  
EXPLODE INTO ROARING  
FLAME, TRAPPING BATMAN  
AND ROBIN IN A FIELD OF  
FIRE!



BATMAN!  
WHAT'LL  
WE DO?

WE'VE GOT ONLY ONE CHANCE!  
TAKE A DEEP BREATH, ROBIN...

-- AND  
DIVE!



**SWIMMING DEEP  
UNDER THE WATERY  
INFERNO, BATMAN  
AND ROBIN SEARCH  
FOR THE END OF THE  
DANGER ZONE!**



HOPE THE  
BREAK ISN'T  
TOO FAR...

I CAN'T  
HOLD MY  
BREATH MUCH  
LONGER...

**PRESIDENTLY TWO HEADS POKED UP INTO FRESH  
AIR...BEYOND THE BLAZING OIL!**

AH!... FRESH  
AIR...UH-UH...  
SEE ANYTHING  
OF THE BABY  
WE WERE  
CHASING?

NOT A SIGN!  
HE SURE PULLED  
A FAST  
ONE ON  
US!

**THAT NIGHT... IN HIS  
ROOM, ROCKY PONDERS...**

**A CORNERSTONE  
FOR AN ARCHITECT!  
WOULD'VE WORKED,  
TOO, IF NOT FOR  
THE BATMAN!  
HE'S ONE SMART  
GUY--SMART  
ENOUGH TO PUT  
THINGS TOGETHER!  
HMMMM!**

**AND AT THAT MOMENT, BATMAN BEARS  
OUT ROCKY'S THOUGHTS!**

**ROBIN, THERE'S ONE  
LINK THAT TIES THIS  
CASE TOGETHER.  
STONES' STONES  
NEARLY KILLED ONE  
MAN-- CAUSED THE  
DEATH OF TWO  
OTHER CRIMINALS!**

**THEN LET'S  
LOOK UP  
THE RECORDS  
OF THOSE  
CRIMINALS,  
FIND OUT WHAT  
THESE MEN  
HAD IN  
COMMON--  
AND PRESTO!  
WE'LL HAVE  
OUR MURDERER!**

**LATER... POLICE HEADQUARTERS --**

**PLENTY! SOME MASKED  
MAN WALKED IN HERE,  
THREATENED US WITH A  
TOMMY GUN, TOOK SOME  
CARDS FROM THE  
CRIMINAL FILE AND  
BURNED THEM!**

**HELLO,  
GORDON,  
SAY, IS  
SOMETHING  
WRONG?**

**THERE'S  
THE  
REMAINS  
OF THE  
CARDS!**

**GODON, I'VE A  
HUNCH ABOUT  
THAT MASKED  
MAN! I'M GOING  
TO USE YOUR  
LABORATORY  
AND FIND OUT  
WHAT WAS  
ON THOSE  
CARDS!**

**BUT...BUT THOSE  
CARDS ARE  
BURNED...CHARRED!  
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE  
TO READ  
WHAT WAS  
ON THEM!**

**THAT'S WHAT  
YOU THINK!  
STICK AROUND  
AND KEEP  
YOUR EYES  
OPEN! YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
LEARN  
SOMETHING!**

**FIRST WE PLACE  
THE CHARRED  
CARDS ON A FLAT  
PLATE OF GLASS...  
AND OVER THIS  
WE PLACE  
A GLASS  
DOME WITH A  
SMALL OPENING  
AT THE TOP...**

THEN WE TAKE A  
NEWLY DISCOVERED CHEM-  
ICAL AND SPRAY IT  
INSIDE THE  
GLASS DOME!



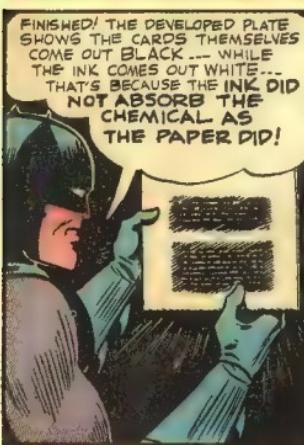
NOW WE WAIT  
AND ALLOW THE  
RED SPRAY TO  
PERMEATE THE  
CHARRED CARDS  
INSIDE!



NEXT WE PHOTOGRAPH  
THE PAPER USING INFRA-  
RED FILM PLATES...  
AND THEN DEVELOP  
IT!



FINISHED! THE DEVELOPED PLATE  
SHOWS THE CARDS THEMSELVES  
COME OUT BLACK ... WHILE  
THE INK COMES OUT WHITE...  
THAT'S BECAUSE THE INK DID  
NOT ABSORB THE  
CHEMICAL AS  
THE PAPER DID!



I'M GLAD I SAW  
THIS WITH MY OWN  
EYES! I NEVER  
REALIZED IT WAS  
POSSIBLE TO DO  
WHAT YOU DID!



YES, ROBIN,  
AND IT'S TIME  
CRIMINALS  
REALIZED THAT  
CRIME  
WILL OUT WHEN  
THEY START  
BUCKING THE  
SCIENTIFIC  
APPARATUS  
PITTED  
AGAINST THEM!

AFTER EXAMINING THE DATA  
ON THE CARDS---

SO SLADE,  
CONZY,  
MASON AND  
TWO  
OTHERS  
NAMED  
BRENNER  
AND PARKS  
BLONGED TO  
A ROCKY  
GRIMES MOB  
TWENTY  
YEARS  
AGO!

YES, AND I'M SURE  
THEY WERE THE  
ONES WHO DUMPED  
ROCKY AT THE  
JAIL... ROCKY  
MUST BE OUT  
FOR REVENGE...  
AND OUT TO  
GET THE  
TWO OTHERS!

ACCORDING TO THIS  
FILE, PARKS WENT  
OUT WEST TO OPERATE  
A CONCESSION IN THE  
PETRIFIED FOREST...  
BRENNER WENT  
STRAIGHT, TOO,  
AND BECAME A  
DIAMOND-CUTTER!

THEN BRENNER'S  
THE MAN WHO  
IS TO CUT THE  
FAMOUS ONKER'S  
DIAMOND TONIGHT  
AT THE HOUSE  
OF JEWELS  
EXHIBIT IN TOWN!



ROCKY'S SURE TO  
TRY TO GET  
BRENNER FIRST!  
LET'S GO!



GOLLY!  
WE'VE NO  
TIME TO  
LOSE NOW!

"NO TIME TO LOSE" IS CORRECT...FOR ONLY AN HOUR BEFORE

HERE'S YOUR HELIOTROPE  
GEM, SIR.. JUST AS YOU  
ORDERED IT YESTERDAY!  
BUT I'M CURIOUS TO  
KNOW WHY YOU HAD  
ME CUT THE JEWEL  
INTO THE  
SHAPE OF A  
BULLET!

OH, IT'S JUST  
A GAG I'M  
PLAYING ON  
A FRIEND!

LATER, AT HIS HOME, ROCKY SCRATCHES THE SEMI-PRECIOUS DIAMOND WITH AN ENGRAVER'S TOOL ---

HAI HAI! MUSTN'T  
FORGET TO WRITE  
"I FINALLY  
REMEMBERED"  
ON IT!

SO BRENNER'S A DIAMOND-CUTTER,  
EH--A DIAMOND IS A STONE...  
I'LL GET HIM WITH A STONE  
THAT WILL SPILL HIS BLOOD.  
THIS HELIOTROPE---OR,  
AS IT IS COMMONLY CALLED,  
THE BLOODSTONE!

THE HOUSE OF JEWELS EXHIBIT... LYNX-EYED GUARDS WATCH THE AWE-STRUCK SPECTATORS VIEWING THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF GEMS TO BE GATHERED UNDER ONE ROOF.



BUT THE GREAT EVENT COMES WHEN THE FABULOUS ONKERS DIAMOND, WEIGHING 700 CARATS IS ABOUT TO BE CLEAVED! A HUSH BLANKETS THE AUDIENCE'

...AND IF THE DIAMOND IS  
NOT CLEANLY SPLIT, IT MAY  
LOSE MOST OF ITS ORIGINAL  
VALUE ... SO LET'S HAVE  
ABSOLUTE SILENCE,  
PLEASE! THIS IS A TICKLISH  
JOB!



AS BRENNER'S HAND RAISES, POISED FOR  
THE STROKE THAT MEANS THE LIFE  
OR DEATH OF A DIAMOND, ANOTHER HAND  
IS RAISED, POISED FOR THE STROKE  
THAT MEANS LIFE OR DEATH ...FOR  
**BRENNER!**

OKAY, PAL... IT'S THE  
**BLOODSTONE** FOR

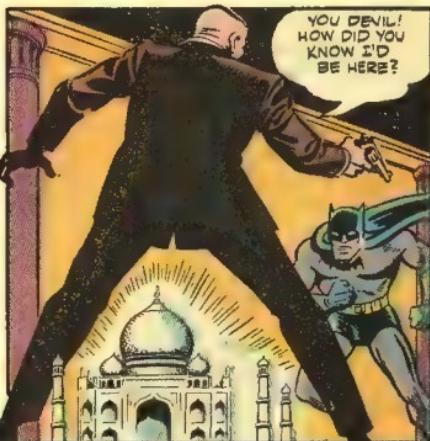
OOOOH!  
HOW  
LOVELY!  
RAINBOW  
E TEEWEE!

AND AT THE  
END OF THE  
RAINBOW IS  
A POT OF GOLD...  
GOLDEN TOPAZES!

LOOK! A  
MINIATURE  
TAJ MAHAL!  
AND THE  
WALLS INSIDE  
ARE INLAID  
WITH PRECIOUS  
GEMS!



ABRUPTLY, A COLORFUL FIGURE SLIPS DOWN  
THE SHIMMERING LENGTH OF THE RAINBOW--  
ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!



A WATERFALL OF PRECIOUS STONES CASCADES DOWN ON THE STAMPEDING AUDIENCE!



AND SOON THE CHASE ENDS.. AT AN ABANDONED OLD STONE QUARRY!



TWO SLAMMING BODIES TEAR THROUGH THE DOOR... TO CRASH HEAVILY AGAINST A CLEVERLY PLACED UPRIGHT SLAB OF STONE!



WORKING SWIFTLY, ROCKY BINDS ROBIN, LEAVING HIS FEET FREE!



THEN-- DOWN INTO THE WATER-FLOODED QUARRY, ROCKY HURLS ROBIN'S STONE-WEIGHTED BODY!

THAT STONE WON'T CARRY YOU TO THE BOTTOM ---SO YOU'LL TRY TO KEEP ALIVE BY TREADING WATER... BUT SOMETIMES SOON YOU'RE GOING TO GET TIRED! HA! HA! GET THE IDEA? HA! HA!

BUT.. HOT ON ROCKY'S TWISTING TRAIL ARE TWO HUMAN BLOODHOUNDS...



INSIDE THE SHACK, BATMAN AWAKENS TO FIND ROCKY SETTING FIRE TO MOUNDS OF SULPHUR!



(COUGH-COUGH) STUFF'S  
GETTING THICK! (COUGH-COUGH)  
GOT TO THINK! (COUGH) THAT  
OLD GRINDSTONE ONCE USED  
TO SHARPEN TOOLS...  
MAYBE...



STRAINING HIS LEGS, BATMAN HOOKS  
A FOOT ON THE GRINDSTONE'S BASE  
AND DRAGS IT NEAR... INCH BY  
INCH... UNTIL...

THAT'S IT! (COUGH-COUGH)  
EVERYTHING LOOKS  
BLURRED... GETTING  
WEAK... (COUGH-COUGH)  
GOT TO WORK FAST TO  
SAVE MYSELF AND  
ROBIN...



A WHIR... A  
HARSH BUZZ...

AND THE  
GRINDSTONE'S  
ROUGH EDGE  
SAWS AGAINST  
THE TAUT ROPES!

AND SO BATMAN C-EATS  
BRIMSTONE DOOM  
WITH ANOTHER STONE...  
A GRINDSTONE!

MEANWHILE...  
ROBIN'S  
CHURNING  
LEGS KEEP  
HIM  
FROM  
DROWNING  
DEATH... BUT  
THE PLUCKY  
LAD IS  
GROWING  
WEAK.



SUDENLY A KISSING ROPE  
COILS ABOUT THE  
LAD'S MIDDLE!



BATMAN!

ROBIN, MY  
ARMS ARE TOO  
NUMB FROM  
BEING BOUND  
TO LIFT YOU  
AL THE WAY...  
I'M GOING  
TO TRY  
SOMETHING...

LASHING THE  
FREE END OF  
THE ROPES ABOUT  
A HEAVY  
BOULDER,  
BATMAN  
PUSHES IT  
OVER THE  
EDGE!



THE HEAVY  
STONE DROPS  
AND ROBIN'S  
LIGHTER  
BODY IS  
JERKED  
OUT OF  
THE WATER  
TO  
ASCEND  
TO SAFETY!



A MOMENT LATER...

THAT WAS FAST  
THINKING! IT TOOK  
ME A STONE TO SAVE  
ME FROM DROWNING  
BY ANOTHER STONE!  
WHAT NEXT?

NEXT WE  
GO TO THE  
PETRIFIED  
FOREST! NO  
DOUBT ROCKY'S  
DONE THERE  
TO GET PARKS,  
THE LAST OF  
HIS OLD MOB.  
C'MON, ROBIN...  
WE'RE  
TRAVELING!



**THE PETRIFIED FOREST...**  
WHERE FALLEN TREES HAVE BEEN PETRIFIED--BY NATURE TURNED TO STONE!



**IN HIS CONCESSION,** PARKS HAS A SNARLING VISITOR...



A SUDEN, SURPRISING LEAP CARRIES ROCKY THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW AND INTO THE FOREST ITSELF!



SUDDENLY THE SKIES DARKEN -- AND DOWN POURS THAT PHENOMENA OF NATURE--- HAILSTONES!

AND SO IN THIS WEIRD FOREST OF STONE AS HAILSTONES PEلت DOWN BATMAN LOCKS IN A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE WITH ROCKY GRIMES.



WITH POWERFUL DISTANCE-EATING STRIDES, BATMAN CLOSES THE GAP... AND, ATOP A STONE LOG BRIDGE, TANGLES WITH THE KILLER!



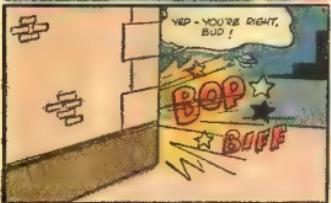
BUT AS EAGER ROCKY CHARGES, HE SLIDES AND SLIPS ON THE HAILSTONES UNDER FOOT... AND...



AND SO, AS IT MUST TO ALL MEN, DEATH COMES TO ROCKY GRIMES-- HE LIVED BY STONES... AND DIED BY STONES...



# CLANCY THE COP



## WHAT CAUSES EPILEPSY?

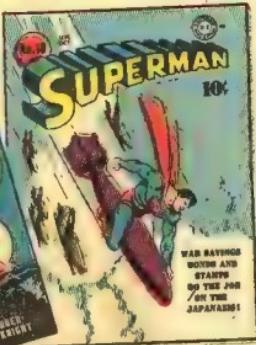
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ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE!

# SACRIFICE

By Eric Carter

IN THE tiny apartment, the short, thin man puffed nervously on his cigar. Before him on the table was a pot of black coffee and a portable typewriter. A sheaf of white paper was placed neatly alongside the typewriter. Deep in thought, the man studied a clean sheet of paper protruding from the machine. He was thinking about Little Aussie and how he was going to get it.

\* \* \*

The man was a reporter, a star reporter, and he had made quite a name for himself covering crime news. There wasn't much that went on over the other side of the law that he didn't know about. He would have made a wonderful detective.

But detectives could never have had his contacts. Criminals, as a rule, fight shy of the law. The third degree was made for them, and they knew it.

Yellow, a hardened criminal frequently has to have the truth beaten out of him before he'll talk. But, paradoxically, the underworld has formed an attachment for the gentlemen of the press. That's why information that sometimes the police can't get turns up in the newspapers. A gangster liked a reporter and gave him a tip.

\* \* \*

Such a tip had come Lane Thomas' way. A minor underworld character had brought it in only a few hours ago. A newspaperman, he knew, would be glad to get and even pay

for anything on Little Aussie.

Oh, you remember Little Aussie now? He was the mobster who waxed rich during Prohibition and then suddenly faded from sight. Even his mob didn't know what had happened to him, although they knew he was alive. Their share of the proceeds had been sent to them. In cold cash.

But that hadn't pleased Marco Evans, Little Aussie's former lieutenant. He had sworn that somehow, someday, he'd get Little Aussie. And he was the kind of mobster who'd keep his promise when the time arrived.

\* \* \*

Which it had. Now. The stoolie pigeon had brought the news to Lane Thomas, who had just authorized a big bonus for it. Little Aussie had been found—he was in town attending a Merchants' Convention!

"No wonder the mob could never find him," the stoolie had marveled. "He's gone and went respectable some place in the wheat section. Think of it!"

\* \* \*

Lane Thomas was thinking of it now. He had always been of the opinion that when a man wanted to go straight, he should be given a chance. He had known all along the whereabouts of Little Aussie, watched anxiously as the man rehabilitated himself, first buying a small store and then branching out. He had even seen Little Aussie send in back income taxes. As a matter of fact, when

you got down to it, Little Aussie was trying pretty hard to pay his debt to society.

\* \* \*

Yes, Little Aussie had put new wine into a new bottle. Maybe Mary had something to do with it, too. She had been teaching school when Little Aussie met her. And now she was the mother of two charming children and the town respected her as the wife of one of its most prominent citizens.

Lane Thomas put down the coffee he had been sipping, and made a wry face. Funny, but Little Aussie had become just the sort of man Lane Thomas had once wanted to be. Small-towny, with everything honorable that connotes. It couldn't be now, though. Not with what the Doc had told him last week.

\* \* \*

Lane Thomas shook his head, as though to drive out a thought. Arizona wouldn't help; his lungs were far too gone for that. A man doesn't spend years in smoke-infested dives, out in all kinds of weather, neglect to take care of himself, and hope to be healthy. They just don't come that way.

Lately, he had been feeling even more tired.

\* \* \*

And now this had had to happen, one of the biggest stories of his career. He had the inside track on a murder about to happen, and, for the first time he was going to let his paper down.

Lane Thomas smiled grimly. What a howl the managing editor would put up if he knew that his star crime reporter was sitting on the yarn of the year! And what the police wouldn't give to know that in exactly one hour, guns would blaze on Fourth and Main and a man would slump dead to the sidewalk.

The mobsters had the set-up

timed perfectly. They had been trailing Little Aussie for two days and learned his every movement. They knew that every night, after the meeting, he'd walk by Fourth and Main. Tonight he'd get it—even if he didn't walk by there—because he'd be tailed.

But he'd follow the same route, Lane Thomas knew. Little Aussie was a man of habit. And he'd never suspect that Marco Evans, alone, would be sitting at the wheel of a parked car, engine running, and a pistol waiting for his quarry. Evans had to do the job alone to show his mob what a brave man he was.

\* \* \*

Lane Thomas' lip curled scornfully. He knew, as did Marco Evans, that Little Aussie never carried a gun. He hadn't in gang days, and he surely wouldn't now. Unprotected, he'd meet his death. A death that he didn't deserve.

\* \* \*

Lane Thomas looked at his watch. A half hour more. Not much time. He got up and walked to the closet. A blue serge suit was hanging there. He put it on and slipped a revolver into his back pocket. That done, he returned to his typewriter. His eyes were shining now and his fingers caressed the keyboard with an almost loving touch.

\* \* \*

Staccato sounds echoed in the room as he wrote to the Managing editor:

"Dear Hatchet-Face:

"This is my resignation. The Doc has ordered me to give up the active life if I want to live another few months. I've wasted a lot of years on your sheet, so I'm giving myself a break,

"Don't try to locate me, because I'm going to change my name if I have to."

Lane Thomas signed and stamped it. The letter he placed in front of his typewriter where Mrs. Murphy would find and post it, thinking he had forgotten to mail it.

\* \* \*

There were tired lines on his face as he examined the mechanism of the gun. Satisfied, he thrust it back into his pocket, then looked at his watch. Not much time to lose.

He went over to the phone and dialed a number. His message, he was promised, would be relayed immediately. Smiling grimly, Lane Thomas went out. The long distance call to his home town would keep Little Aussie's busy enough. And safe inside the convention, Lane Thomas smiled again, imagining Little Aussie's mystification.

\* \* \*

But by the time Little Aussie pieced together what had happened it would be all over.

\* \* \*

The night was warm, but there was a fresh breeze blowing from the river as Lane Thomas moved over onto Fourth and Main. There weren't many lights there, and little traffic. A black coupe was parked idly on one side of the street.

Lane Thomas shot a quick glance at his watch. It was time now. He paused a moment as he drew abreast of the coupe and imagined he could see a shadowy figure peering out.

\* \* \*

That would be Marco Evans, Lane Thomas thought, waiting with a gun. He would want to be sure, and so he would be very careful.

Deliberately, Lane Thomas lit a match, illuminating his face, as it touched the cigarette dangling from his lips.

"This is it," he said in one hurried breath. "This is it!"

Marco Evans wouldn't expect his gunplay to be returned. And that was a break.

\* \* \*

Lane Thomas saw the white of a hand in the darkened interior of the coupe and a sad smile came over his face as he reached for his gun and walked over. Stabs of flame struck the night, resounded through the quiet streets as two guns blazed. There was a convulsive movement inside the coupe.

\* \* \*

Lane Thomas saw it as he went down from the three bullets imbedded in his body. But there was a smile on his face as he went to his death. Little Aussie would understand, he wouldn't talk, because years ago, when Little Aussie got on the wrong side of the fence, Lane Thomas had made him promise never to use his right name. Little Aussie's mother had been alive then, and it would have broken her heart to know that one of her boys was Little Aussie, the gangster, and not Austin Thomas, a salesman.

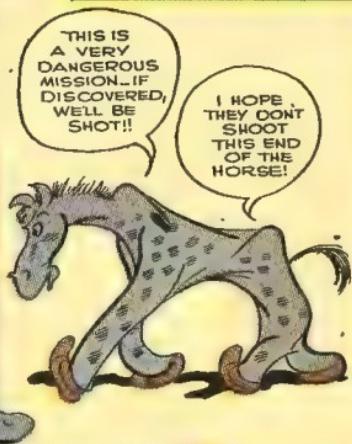
\* \* \*

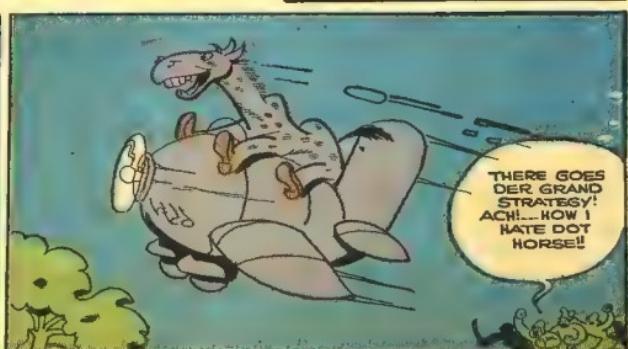
But you can't help feeling that she would have been awfully proud of her other son, Lane, who had just given the life, which soon would have drawn to a close, to his twin brother, Little Aussie.

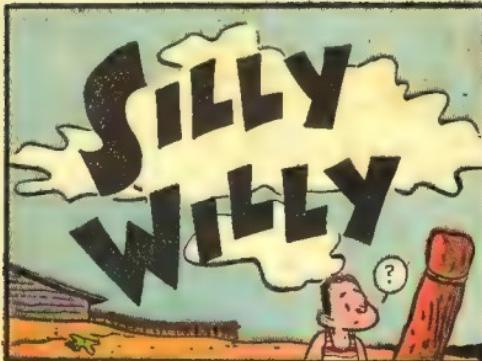


# FLYING JEEPS

AFTER A FORCED LANDING BEHIND ENEMY LINES, THE JEEPS ESCAPED! DISGUISED AS A HORSE ---THEY'RE GOING TO TRY IT AGAIN----

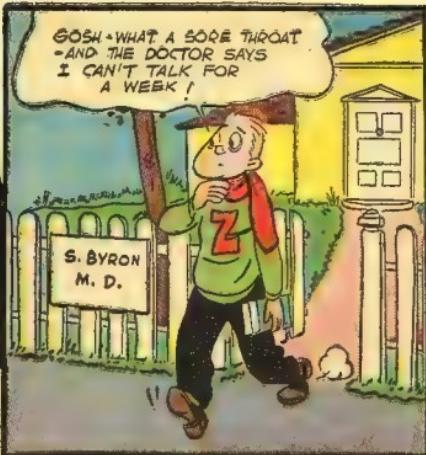






# JERRY THE JITTERBUG

HENRY BUTTERFIELD



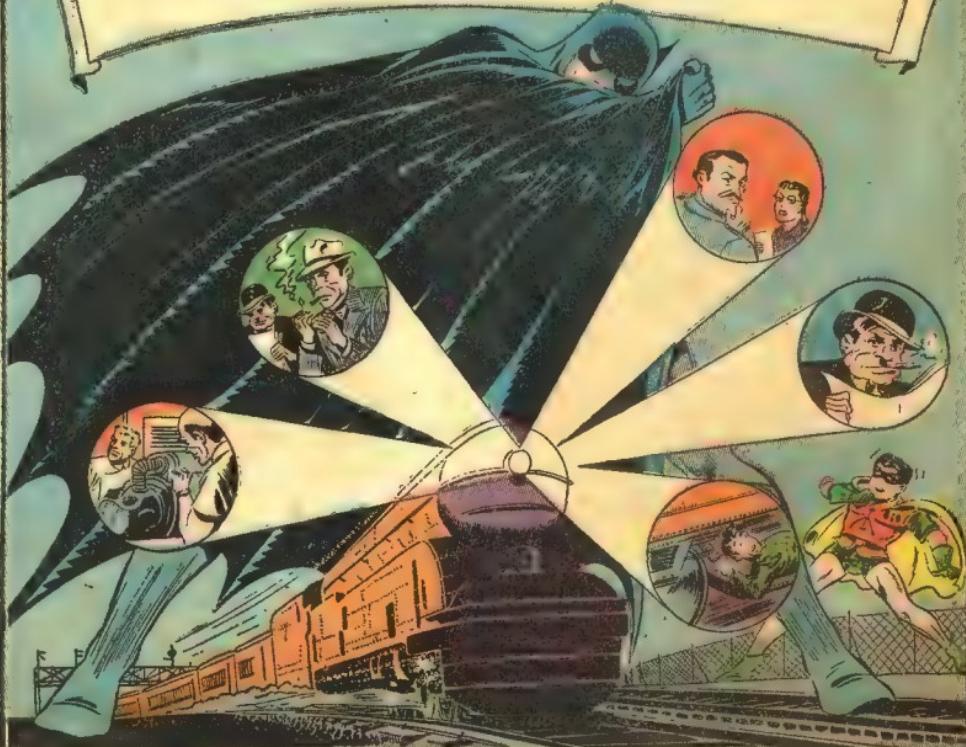
# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

ALL-L-L AB-O-O-O-O CARD FOR THE SURPRISE TRIP OF YOUR LIFE--

WITH AS WEIRD AN ASSORTMENT OF FELLOW-PASSENGERS AS EVER RODE A CRACK TRANSCONTINENTAL FLYER! MEET THE TRAGIC YOUNG PRISONER BOUND FOR THE LETHAL GAS CHAMBER... THE RICH AND RENOWNED "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN... THE STRANGELY SILENT FIGURE IN THE IRON LUNG... THE OVER-AMBITIOUS DETECTIVE... AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE MYSTERIOUS HOBO RIDING THE RODS!... THE BELL CLANGS, THE WHISTLE SHRILLS, THE HAND OF FATE YANKS THE THROTTLE WIDE... AND IT TAKES ALL THE STEELY NERVE AND SMASHING STRENGTH OF THE BATTLING BATMAN AND THE DAREDEVIL ROBIN TO CHECK A ROARING DASH TO DISASTER IN THIS SUPER-SPEED STORY--

"DESTINATION UNKNOWN!"



THE GATEWAY TO ADVENTURE, IN  
GOTHAM CITY'S GRAND CENTRAL  
STATION --

I'M MR.  
CLAYBORN'S  
SECRETARY...  
HE'LL BE  
FURIOUS IF  
I MISS THE  
TRAIN!

NON-STOP TO  
CALIFORNIA --  
LET ME SEE  
YOUR TICKET!

BEYOND, LIKE AN IMPATIENT DRAGON, THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS TRAIN  
JOLTS FORWARD AT THE CONDUCTOR'S SIGNAL...

-- BO-O-O-OARD!

AN IMPORTANT TRAIN CARRYING IMPORTANT  
PEOPLE... SUCH AS CLYDE CLAYBORN,  
COLLECTOR OF ODDITIES, FAMED AS THE  
"TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN...

NICE HAVING YOU WITH  
US, MR. CLAYBORN... IF I  
CAN DO ANYTHING TO MAKE  
YOUR TRIP  
ENJOYABLE...

IF YOU CAN FIND  
ME A STARTLING  
ODDITY BEFORE  
WE GET TO  
CALIFORNIA, I'LL  
GIVE YOU A \$1,000!

I'LL TRY... BUT  
NOTHING EVER  
HAPPENS ON  
THESE TRAINS!

MISS HIBBS,  
MAKE A NOTE...  
IT'S TRICKY, BUT  
TRUE THAT  
OF 2,117  
CONDUCTORS  
I'VE MET, NOT  
ONE HAS ADDED  
A NEW ODDITY  
TO MY  
COLLECTION!

LATER...

CLYDE CLAYBORN  
IS LOOKING FOR  
A NEW ODDITY...  
PERHAPS YOUR  
PATIENT IN  
THE IRON  
LUNG...

SORRY, MR.  
FORTESQUE  
CAN'T BE  
DISTURBED.

THE LEAST  
DISTURBANCE  
MIGHT KILL  
HIM!

HE'S IN A COMA--  
AND IF WE DON'T  
GET HIM TO THAT  
CALIFORNIA SPECIALIST  
IN A HURRY, HE  
MAY NEVER  
WAKE UP!

NOR IS MR. FORTESQUE THE ONLY  
PASSENGER OVER WHOM THE SHADOW  
OF DEATH LIES DARKLY --

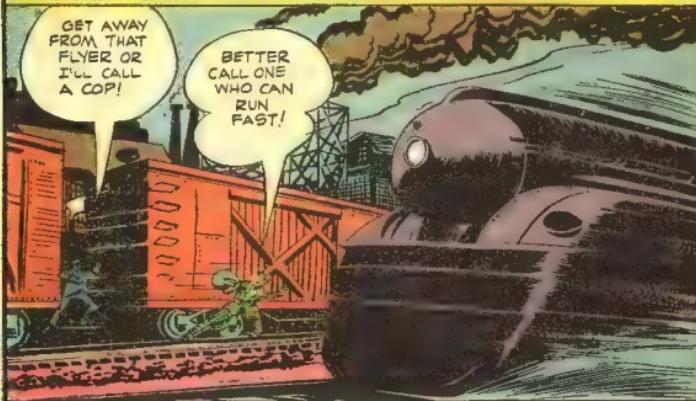
AN ODDITY? I'M  
ONE. -- A MAN  
ABOUT TO BE  
SENT TO THE  
LETHAL GAS  
CHAMBER IN  
CALIFORNIA FOR  
A MURDER I DIDN'T  
COMMIT!

THEN YOU'RE  
JOHN KEYES,  
WHO ESCAPED  
FROM THAT  
CALIFORNIA  
PRISON! AND  
THIS IS--

DETECTIVE  
GUFFEE--AN'  
LIEUTENANT.  
GUFFEE WHEN  
I GET BACK,  
FOR CATCHIN'  
THIS BIRD!

THANKS...  
BUT I  
STILL  
WANT AN  
ODDITY!

AT THE CITY LIMITS, AS THE TRAIN CRAWLS THROUGH A FREIGHT YARD, A PICTURESQUE FIGURE DARTS BETWEEN RUMBLING WHEELS...



A SECOND LATER...



HOW CAN I GET AN ODDITY FOR CLAYBORN WHEN THIS TRIP IS EXACTLY LIKE ALL THE OTHERS? LIFE IS PRETTY DULL FOR US RAILROAD MEN!

BUT LIFE IS NEVER DULL WHEN ONE LOOKS BENEATH THE SURFACE.. AS A BIT OF MIND-READING AT DINNER-TIME WILL PROVE... ..



AND THE MYSTEROUS FIGURE BELOW....

HA, HA! IMAGINE ME A BIG SHOT RIDING THE RODS!

ON INTO GATHERING DARKNESS RUSHES THE TRAIN WITH ITS CARGO OF HUMAN FEARS AND WORRIES... AND STEALTHILY A SHADOW CREEPS OVER THE SWAYING TOPS OF THE COACHES...



THE NEXT INSTANT, AS THE ENGINEER TURNS...

WHAH?

UH...

YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD... TAKE A NAP.



A PURPOSEFUL HAND PULLS AT THE THROTTLE, AND THE  
HUGE ENGINE CANNONBALLS AHEAD IN A SURGE OF POWER...

SOMEBODY'S LIABLE  
TO GET KILLED, BUT  
IT WON'T BE  
ME!



HEY! SHE'S SUPPOSED  
TO SLOW DOWN TO  
FORTY PAST HERE.  
BUT SHE'S DOIN'  
MORE LIKE  
EIGHTY!



HAS THE  
ENGINEER  
GONE CRAZY?  
SHE'LL LEAVE  
THE TRACKS  
AT THIS  
SPEED!



LURCHING AND SWAYING, THE RUNAWAY TRAIN STREAKS  
LIKE THE COMET FOR WHICH IT IS NAMED THROUGH  
VILLAGE AND COUNTRYSIDE...

SHE PASSED THROUGH  
JAMESTOWN DOING  
NINETY, AND THERE  
WASN'T ANYBODY  
IN SIGHT IN THE  
ENGINE!



SHE'LL NEVER  
MAKE THAT  
CURVE ON  
TRAVERS  
TRESTLE!

IN GOTHAM CITY,  
THE TELETYPE BRINGS  
STARTLING NEWS  
TO GORDON...

THE COMET  
RUNNING WILD?  
HOW COULD  
ANYONE STOP  
IT, UNLESS--  
THE BATMAN!



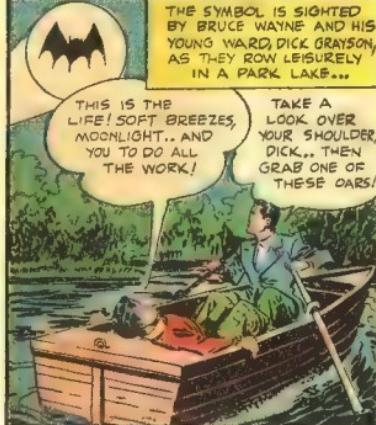
STABBING UPWARD THROUGH  
THE NIGHT, A DAZZLING  
FINGER OF LIGHT OUTLINES  
A WEIRD BLACK SHAPE  
AGAINST THE CLOUDS...

IT LOOKS  
LIKE A  
BAT!

OF COURSE!  
THAT'S THE  
SIGNAL FOR  
THE BATMAN!



THE SYMBOL IS SIGHTED  
BY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS  
YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON,  
AS THEY ROW LEISURELY  
IN A PARK LAKE...



THIS IS THE  
LIFE! SOFT BREEZES,  
MOONLIGHT.. AND  
YOU TO DO ALL  
THE WORK!

TAKE A  
LOOK OVER  
YOUR SHOULDER,  
DICK.. THEN  
GRAB ONE OF  
THESE OARS!



OH, BOY...  
ACTION  
AGAIN!

WHO DO  
THEY THINK  
THEY ARE..  
THE YALE  
CREW?

STOW THE  
GAB, SAILOR!  
LESS TALK  
AND MORE  
SPEED!

HOPE WE  
AREN'T LATE,  
COMMISSIONER!

BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!  
THANK GOODNESS  
YOU'RE HERE!  
THE COMET  
IS RUNNING  
WILD AND--

WESTWARD ACROSS STATE LINES WINGS THE BATWINGED CRAFT, FLEETER  
THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON EARTH OR ABOVE IT -- UNTIL AT LAST---

THERE SHE  
IS--AND  
LOOK AT  
HER GO!

DOWN WE GO!  
IF SHE HITS TRAVERS  
TRESTLE AT THAT  
SPEED, THERE WON'T  
BE A SINGLE  
PASSENGER  
LEFT ALIVE!

A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARMENTS...  
A MAD DASH OVER ROOFTOPS... AND  
MOMENTS LATER THE DYNAMIC DUO  
SWOOPS INTO GORDON'S OFFICE...

OUT UPON TRAVERS TRESTLE -- WHERE THE TRACK CURVES SHARPLY OVER  
A DIZZY CHASM TO PLUNGE INTO A TUNNEL BEYOND -- CHARGES THE THUNDER-  
ING STEEL MONSTER...

BUT AT LEAST ONE OF ITS PAS-  
SENGERS DOES NOT INTEND TO DIE...

THE WHOLE TRAIN  
WILL LEAVE THE RAILS  
AT THE CURVE, BUT  
I'LL LEAVE BEFORE THAT..  
WITH MY LITTLE  
PARACHUTE! HA, HA!

SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S THIS!  
A PLANE,  
AND-- THE  
BATMAN!

NOT EVEN HE  
CAN SPOIL MY  
GAME! I'LL  
GET HIM!

WHINING BULLETS  
SPRAY ABOUT  
THE BATMAN  
AS THE ENGINE  
HURTELS  
FORWARD...

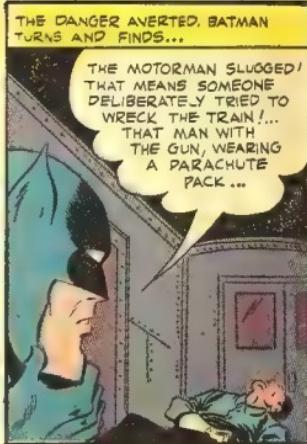
OUT OF THE  
LINE OF FIRE AT  
LAST! NOW FOR  
THE BRAKES...

FIRST TO SHUT THE ELECTRIC CURRENT... NOW TO PUT ON THE AIR BRAKES.. GRADUALLY, SO THE WHEELS WON'T RIP UP THE TRACK!

METAL SHRIEKS DEAFENINGLY AS BRAKE SHOES GRIP... THE LONG TRAIN DANCES CRAZILY... BUT THE FLANGED WHEELS HOLD THE RAILS!

THE DANGER AVERTED. BATMAN TURNS AND FINDS...

THE MOTORMAN SLUGGED! THAT MEANS SOMEONE DELIBERATELY TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN!... THAT MAN WITH THE GUN, WEARING A PARACHUTE PACK...



HIS BELT RADIO SPEEDS A MESSAGE TO THE SOARING ROBIN ...

GOPHER JUNCTION, ORDINARILY A WHISTLE STOP, TONIGHT IS THE SCENE OF TENSE EXCITEMENT...

BUT THE MYSTERY REMAINS AS DEEP AS EVER /

CALLING ROBIN! WE'VE GOT A HUNT FOR WRECKERS ON OUR HANDS! MEET ME AT GOPHER JUNCTION! LISTEN... WHERE'S WHAT YOU DO...

IT'S THE COMET! NEVER THOUGHT SHE MADE IT AT THE RATE SHE WAS TRAVELING!

SHE'S STOPPING! NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT WENT WRONG!

THE ENGINEER'S OUT COLD!... NO, HE'S REVIVING...

HERE COMES THE CONDUCTOR. HE MAY KNOW SOMETHING!

CALLING BATMAN! MESSAGE RECEIVED! SAVE ME SOME EXCITEMENT... OR ELSE!



ALL I KNOW IS, I THOUGHT WE WERE GONE! WE STARTED RUNNING WIDE OPEN, AND EVERYBODY WAS SHAKEN UP, AND...

BUT IF THE ENGINEER WAS UNCONSCIOUS, WHO BROUGHT THE TRAIN IN SAFELY?

STILL FRIGHTENED BY THE RUNAWAY, THE PASSENGERS FORM A TALKATIVE GROUP ON THE STATION PLATFORM...



BUT ONE PASSENGER FLTS LIKE A FUGITIVE THROUGH SHADOWS AT THE FARTHER SIDE OF THE TRAIN...

CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON BEING SEEN... THINK I'LL HIDE BEHIND THESE OLD FREIGHTS...



ONLY TO ENCOUNTER ANOTHER FLITTING SHADOW, THE BATMAN, WHO SWUNG FROM THE ENGINE A SECOND BEFORE IT GROUND TO A STOP!

HAVE YOU GOT A TICKET? OR SHOULD I PUNCH..?

BATMAN!... SO IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT THE TRAIN IN! YOU OUGHT TO GET A REWARD!



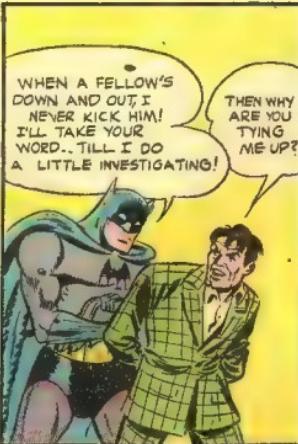
I DON'T TAKE REWARDS... BUT IF I DID, I MIGHT COLLECT ONE FOR TURNING YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!

NOT GUILTY, BATMAN! I WAS HANGING ONTO THE RODS, SCARED TO DEATH, WHEN WE HIT THE TRESTLE!

I HOPE SHE BELIEVES ME!

WHEN A FELLOW'S DOWN AND OUT, I NEVER KICK HIM! I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD.. TILL I DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!

THEN WHY ARE YOU TYING ME UP?



SHUCKING HIS FIGHTING GARB, THE BATMAN DISAPPEARS.. AND A MOMENT LATER BRUCE WAYNE STANDS AT THE TICKET WINDOW AT THE STATION.

LUCKY FOR ME THIS TRAIN STOPPED HERE... I'LL TAKE A TICKET THROUGH TO THE END OF THE RUN!

HERE Y'ARE!



MEANWHILE, AT A MAGAZINE STAND, A YOUNG MAN SEEKS TO BE STOCKING UP FOR A LONG LITERARY SESSION...

I'LL TAKE THESE COMIC BOOKS!

GOLLY, KID.. AREN'T YOU GOIN' TO DO NOTHIN' BUT READ FROM HERE ON?



AND IN THE BAGGAGE CAR...

WHERE'S THE  
BAGGAGEMAN?  
MR. CLAYBORN  
WANTS A BOOK FROM  
HIS TRUNK AND..  
OH!...A MAN..  
BOUND AND GAGGED!

MMMFEE!  
URGLE...

OH, YOU POOR  
FELLOW! WHO DID  
IT? THE MAN  
WHO TRIED  
TO WRECK  
THE TRAIN?

YOU'RE A  
LIFE-SAVER,  
MISS! HE  
DIDN'T  
GIVE ME  
A CHANCE!  
IF YOU'LL  
UNTIE ME...

A MOMENT LATER...

A MILLION THANKS!  
NEXT TIME WE  
MEET, I'LL TELL  
YOU HOW PRETTY  
YOU ARE... BUT  
RIGHT NOW I'VE  
GOT TO GET  
OUT OF SIGHT!

WAIT! WHO  
ARE YOU?  
HOW DO  
I KNOW?!

WHAT IF I DID WRONG?  
WHAT IF HE WAS THE  
TRAIN-WRECKER  
HIMSELF? AFTER  
ALL, HE'S RAGGED..  
JUST A HOBO... BUT  
HE HAD THE NICEST  
EYES...



NICE EYES, PERHAPS.... BUT A PURPOSEFUL GLINT SHINES IN THEM AS THE TRAIN RESUMES ITS FATEFUL JOURNEY...



IN THE OBSERVATION COACH...

MR WAYNE, I'VE  
HEARD OF YOU... YOU  
DON'T KNOW OF AN  
ODDITY I COULD  
PASS ON TO THE  
"TRICKY-BUT-TRUE"  
MAN, DO YOU?

THERE ISN'T  
MUCH  
EXCITEMENT  
IN MY LIFE,  
BUT I'LL  
TRY TO  
THINK OF  
SOMETHING!

DON'T BE  
BORED, FOLKS!  
GET YOUR  
LATEST ISSUE  
OF WORLD'S  
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WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE,  
BOY? I'LL  
HAVE TO PUT  
YOU OFF!

IT'S ALL  
RIGHT, CONDUCTOR.  
...THE KID MAY  
NOT BE BRIGHT,  
BUT HE LOOKS  
HONEST... I'LL  
PAY HIS FARE!

WELL...  
ALL RIGHT,  
THEN!

THAT'S MY  
FAVORITE  
MAGAZINE!

GEE, THANKS,  
MISTER... JUST  
FOR THAT,  
HERE'S A  
FREE COPY!



ONCE MORE THE BLACKNESS OF THE OPEN COUNTRY SWallows THE SPEEDING TRAIN... AND MENACE GATHERS LIKE A STORM CLOUD...



THE BOASTFUL DETECTIVE GUFFEY IS "BLACKED OUT" ALSO...



SCOUTING THROUGH THE TRAIN IN HIS ROLE AS A SALESMAN OF EXCITING STORIES, ROBIN LOOKS AND LISTENS FOR INFORMATION...

HE WAS TIED,  
AND I'M NOT  
SURE I SHOULD  
HAVE SET HIM  
FREE.. HE LOOKED  
SO NICE, EVEN  
WITHOUT A  
SHAVE!



BUY A...  
HEY, ALL  
YOU HAVE  
TO DO IS  
SAY, NO!

BEAT IT, BRAT!  
HERB WE'RE  
TRYING TO TAKE  
CARE OF A  
DYING MAN,  
AND EVERYBODY  
BARGES IN ON  
US!



READ ABOUT THE..  
OH, OH! THE  
DETECTIVE'S KNOCKED  
OUT, AND HIS  
PRISONER'S GONE!  
THIS IS BAD!



LATER... DICK FINDS BRUCE ALONE...  
AND...

... AND THAT'S  
ALL I COULD  
FIND OUT!  
OF COURSE,  
IF I'D BEEN  
BRIGHTER...

YOU'LL DO, FELLA...  
PROVIDING YOU TURN  
INTO ROBIN IN A  
HURRY AND FOLLOW  
ME TO MY COMPART-  
MENT!



AND ONCE MORE, GARBED IN THEIR MANTLED COSTUMES, THE BATMAN AND HIS BATTLING PAL RACE INTO ACTION...

BUT THAT'S  
WHERE THE MAN  
IN THE IRON LUNG  
IS... POSSIBLY  
DYING!

SURE... AND HIS  
NURSES WERE THE  
ONES WHO OBJECTED  
MOST STRENUIOUSLY  
TO YOUR BOthering  
THEM, WEREN'T  
THEY?



DEATH HAS INDEED COME CLOSE TO THE MAN IN THE IRON LUNG.. FOR THE NEXT INSTANT...

NOT OXYGEN.. POISON GAS! IN ANOTHER MINUTE, HE'D HAVE BEEN DEAD!

THE NURSES.. THEY'VE GONE! AND THE WINDOWS ARE OPEN!

THAT FELLOW WILL LIVE, AND THE NURSES COULDN'T HAVE JUMPED OFF AT THIS SPEED!

I'M GOING UP ON TOP! YOU GO FORWARD AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

RIGHT!



CLAMBERING PRECARIOUSLY OVER THE SWAYING TOP OF THE COACH, THE BATMAN SIGHTS.. AND IS SIGHTED BY.. HIS QUARRY!

THE BATMAN AGAIN!  
I MISSED HIM BEFORE..  
BUT THIS TIME  
I WON'T!

BETTER SHOOT FAST,  
THEN, RAT!

I'D RATHER FALL OFF  
THAN GET HIT AGAIN!



A PANTHER-SWIFT LUNGE OF A TRAINED, POWERFUL FRAME, AND...

HANG ON WHEN YOU'RE HIT, OR THE JAIL AT THE END OF THE LINE WILL BE OUT A CUSTOMER!

I'D RATHER FALL OFF THAN GET HIT AGAIN!

BUT NOT EVEN THE BATMAN'S LIGHTNING SPEED CAN OUTMATCH BLASTING LEAD.. AND THE CRIMINAL'S BULLET STRIKES WITH PILE-DRIVER FORCE!

...I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

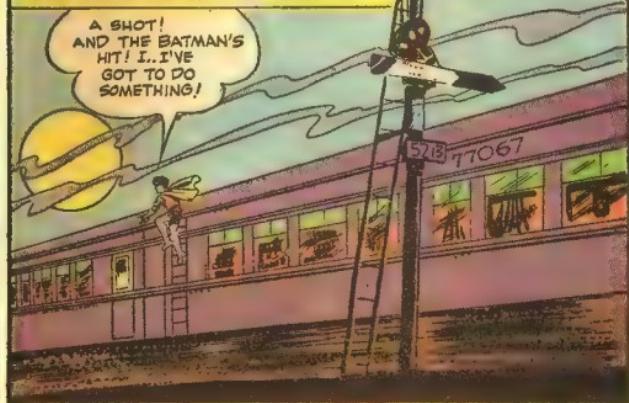
OHHHH-H-H.. HE'S GOT ME...

A SHOT!  
AND THE BATMAN'S HIT!.. I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



FAR TOWARD THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN, ROBIN HEARS THE BARK OF THE SHOT...

57-B 77067



TURNING SHARPLY AND SNATCHING THE EXTENDED ARM OF A SEMAPHORE SIGNAL, THE BOY LETS THE TRAIN THUNDER BEHIND HIM...

PLEASE DON'T  
LET ME BE TOO  
LATE...

TOUGH, EH? WELL,  
A SLUG IN THE  
HEAD WILL TAKE  
CARE OF THAT!

LOW BRIDGE...  
BUT NOT LOWER  
THAN YOU!

Y-!!!

ROBIN!  
SAVED...  
MY...LIFE...

SUDDENLY, A SICKENING LURCH OF THE TRAIN WARNS  
OF FRESH DANGER...

WHA..? THE TRAIN'S  
SWINGING TO THE EAST-  
BOUND TRACK!

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT THE TRAIN...  
WATCH YOURSELF!  
YOU'RE WOUNDED!

THAT SEMAPHORE MUST  
HAVE OPERATED A SWITCH  
AHEAD OF THE ENGINE...  
AND AN EASTBOUND  
TRAIN IS COMING  
TOWARD US!

WON'T THE  
ENGINEER  
KNOW ENOUGH  
TO STOP?

OF COURSE... BUT  
THE TRACKS ARE  
CURVED, AND THE  
ENGINEER OF THE  
OTHER TRAIN  
WON'T KNOW  
WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TILL TOO LATE!

BUT BATMAN -- YOU'LL NEVER  
MAKE IT, WOUNDED LIKE  
THAT! BESIDES, WHAT CAN  
YOU DO?

WITHOUT A WAY OF  
SIGNALING THE ON-  
RUSHING TRAIN,  
HOW CAN BATMAN  
PREVENT A HEAD-ON  
CRASH? YET DOGGEDLY  
HE STRUGGLES  
FORWARD...

GOT TO  
MAKE IT...  
GOT TO...



THE ENGINEER, HELPLESSLY AWARE OF THE PERIL, KNOWS NOTHING OF THE WOUNDED MAN FIGHTING A VALIANT BATTLE OVERHEAD...

GOT TO--  
KEEP  
GOING...

I'VE CUT THE  
ELECTRIC AND  
SET THE BRAKES...  
WHAT ELSE CAN  
I DO?

NOW HE LOWERS HIMSELF TO THE COWCATCHER!...  
BUT WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, EXCEPT THAT BATMAN  
WILL BE THE FIRST TO DIE WHEN STEEL MEETS  
STEEL IN THUNDERING CHAOS?...

AT LAST...  
IF ONLY  
I'M IN  
TIME...

ABOARD THE EASTBOUND EXPRESS,  
THE ENGINEER BLINKS AT A STRANGE  
SIGHT...

SOMETHING FUNNY...  
COME HERE, JOE,  
AND TELL ME  
WHAT YOU SEE  
AHEAD OF THAT  
WESTBOUND  
ENGINE!

WHAT'S  
UP?

WHY, IT'S A  
BAT! WHAT'S  
A BAT DOING  
OUT HERE  
ON THE  
PRAIRIE?

MAKES ME THINK  
OF... LET'S SEE --  
THE BATMAN,  
WHO SHOWS UP WHEN  
THERE'S TROUBLE...  
TROUBLE???. QUICK!  
JOE -- THE BRAKES!!

A BAT!... BUT BENEATH THE  
WEIRD SYMBOL, A MAN'S  
GRIM DETERMINATION KEEPS  
IT FLYING!

THE BAT EMBLEM...  
RIPPED FROM THE FRONT  
OF MY UNIFORM  
... MAYBE IT WILL  
WARN THEM!

TWO THUNDERING DRAGONS SHUDDER AND SCREECH UNDER THE SQUEEZE  
OF AIR BRAKES... SHUDDER AND SLACKEN THEIR TERRIFIC SPEED...

BATMAN!  
YOU -- YOU  
SAVED US!

EXCUSE ME--  
TIRED--GOT TO  
SIT DOWN  
SOMEWHERE...

ANOTHER SECOND  
WOULD HAVE SEEN  
THE WORST WRECK  
IN TEN YEARS!

"DESTINATION UNKNOWN." WE HAVE CALLED THIS STORY OF A GROUP OF VERY HUMAN BEINGS, ALL IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING... AND NOW, AS REPORTERS FLOCK AROUND, LET US SEE WHETHER THEIR QUESTS WERE SUCCESSFUL.

JOHN KEYES, NO LONGER A MURDER SUSPECT, IS INTERVIEWED...

I TOLD THEM I WAS INNOCENT! I ESCAPED, WENT EAST--AND FOUND CERTAIN EVIDENCE WHICH I HOPE WOULD WIN ME A NEW TRIAL...

TODAY THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW YOU WERE INNOCENT!

DETECTIVE GUFFEY, THE AMBITIOUS SLEUTH...

I CAUGHT KEYES, AND THOUGHT I'D GET PROMOTED FOR THAT... BUT IT LOOKED BAD WHEN THOSE CROOKS SLUGGED ME, TOOK MY PRISONER! BUT ALL'S WELL NOW, SINCE I NABBED THEM!

TRIGGER YURK AND BIFF BOLTON DIDN'T GET WHAT THEY WERE AFTER, BUT THEY'LL GET WHAT THEY DESERVE...

LISTEN TO THAT COPPER BRAG! IT WAS THE BATMAN WHO GRABBED US, AFTER WE'D SNATCHED KEYES AND TRIED TO KILL HIM IN THE IRON LUNG, WHICH HELD ONLY A WAX DUMMY!

WE TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN! AFTER SLUGGING THE ENGINEER, I WAS ALL SET TO JUMP AS WAS MY PAL ON THE OTHER END! ...WHEN BATMAN STOPPED US, WE

SNATCHED KEYES BECAUSE WE WERE AFRAID OF HIS NEW EVIDENCE... YOU SEE, WE DID THE MURDER HE WAS ACCUSED OF!

MISS HIBBS, IS IT TRUE THAT YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY THIS --ER-- HOBO?

HOBЫ? HE'S KEN THORNE, PRESIDENT OF THIS RAILROAD! HE GOT SICK OF HIS JOB AND DECIDED TO LOOK FOR ADVENTURE--JUST AS I DID... AND WE MET IN THE BAGGAGE COACH!

THE "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN'S WORRIES ARE OVER...

I'VE LOST A SECRETARY--BUT LOOK AT THE OPPORTIES I'VE GOT! MILLIONAIRE TURNS HOBO, WINS WORKING GIRL! BATMAN SAVES TRAIN SINGLE-HANDED! CROOKS PLAN TO USE LIFE-SAVING IRON LUNG AS INSTRUMENT OF MURDER!

YOUR NEW RADIO PROGRAM SHOULD BE A WOW!

click!

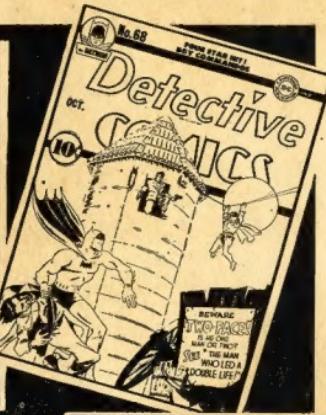
BOB KAHE

AS FOR THE BORED CONDUCTOR...

HO-HUM! WHAT A LIFE! FORTY YEARS OF CARTING FOLKS BACK AND FORTH--AND NOTHING EVER HAPPENS!



THE MAN



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